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Childcraft

POEMS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

LEONARD WEISGARD

Childcraft

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE

POEMS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

FIELD ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHICAGO

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INTRODUCTION

ANGELO PATRI

GOOD READING is as essential to the nourishment of a child's character as good food is necessary for the development of his body. The history of the race is set down in books. All the good we have done, all the progress we have made and some of the failures, all the beauty, all the poetry, all the magic of life are set down in the little black marks that trail across the white pages of books. This heritage has been handed down from generation to generation so that the children may, in their turn, knit into their own lives the finest experiences of those who have gone before. Good books are the priceless inheritance of childhood and no child can be cheated of that legacy without suffering grave spiritual loss.

This collection begins, as it should, with Mother Goose and other rhymes and poems beloved of childhood. I say that is where it should begin, because children are not little men and women ready to live in an adult world scaled down to their size. They live in a world of their own and they are a people with definite tastes and tendencies and abilities. Theirs is a world of the imagination peopled by witches and fairies and interpreted by symbols.

"Humpty Dumpty" is the rhythmic expression of a bit of an accepted race philosophy. Fragile material things are worsted in a contest with infinite forces. A child would be bewildered, stunned, by such a statement, but he gleefully accepts it, chuckles over the picture

it presents, when it is offered in the nursery rhyme. He understands that an egg cannot fall off a wall without coming to grief and, inarticulate though he is, he catches the bit of philosophy that lies behind the symbol.

Fairies and witches and elves live in the child's world because he needs them. Rhythmic language, lovely poetry, tales worn smooth in their passage down the years are his own forms of expression, happily understood and readily assimilated into speech and action. The vital spark of truth they contain, the sure touch of beauty that is upon them, justify the child in his love for them.

The time comes when the child emerges from his world of imagination and symbolism into one nearer actuality. He demands the true story. It is true? Did it really happen? Really and truly? These questions indicate a readiness for more actual acceptance of life, for facts and experiences that bear the hallmarks of life. The child is now eager for biography, history, and science told in story. The form shifts but the content must still hold the halo and the glamor of romance, the poetical quality of a dream, while it offers the sterner stuff of soul structure: duty and honor and truth.

Such are the stories set down in these books. The child who has them for his own is fortunate. He has within reach of his hand a charm against the sorrow and grief and loneliness of life. Make no mistake about it, a child needs the spiritual refuge that books afford. With a touch of his hand he can open a door that leads to the pleasant place where actuality gives place to dream and hope and inspired faith.

Once a child becomes absorbed in his book he feels safe and secure with the world closed out. His spirit restored, he sets out with new courage and a banner to follow. A good book inspires a child to follow some path to its end where he finds happiness and a sweet content. You can give a child very little that he can keep as his own. You can give him a good book. There is no finer gift within your power.

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MOTHER GOOSE
OLD MOTHER GOOSE, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.
LEONARD WEISGARD

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the treetop,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;
Down will come baby and cradle, and all!

BYE, BABY BUNTING

BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap his baby bunting in.

PAT-A-CAKE

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake,
Baker's man,
Bake me a cake
As fast as you can.
Pat it and prick it,
And mark it with a B
And put it in the oven
For baby and me.

RIDE A COCKHORSE

RIDE a cockhorse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse.
With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Eloise Wilkin

RING-AROUND-A-ROSY

RING-around-a-rosy,
A pocket full of posies;
One, two, three,
And we all fall down!

SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Jackie shall have a new master;
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

Eloise Wilkin

PEASE PORRIDGE HOT

PEASE porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

JACK BE NIMBLE

JACK be nimble,
Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over the candlestick.

"BOW, WOW," SAYS THE DOG

"BOW, wow,"
Says the dog;
"Mew, mew,"
Says the cat.

"Chirp, chirp,"
Says the sparrow;
"Caw, caw,"
Says the crow.

"Grunt, grunt,"
Goes the hog;
And "squeak,"
Goes the rat.

"Quack, quack,"
Says the duck;
And what cuckoos say,
You know.

PUSSYCAT, PUSSYCAT

PUSSYCAT, pussycat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the Queen.
Pussycat, pussycat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

HICKETY, PICKETY

HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

THREE BLIND MICE

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Did you ever see such a sight in your life,
As three blind mice?

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK

HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down;
Hickory, dickory, dock.

DIDDLE, DIDDLE, DUMPLING

DIDDLE, diddle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his nightgown,
Rapping at the window,
Crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds?
For now it's eight o'clock."

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE

ONE, two, three, four, five!
I caught a hare alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten!
I let her go again.

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe;

Five, six,
Pick up sticks;

Three, four,
Knock at the door;

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;

Nine, ten,
A good fat hen.

INTERY, MINTERY, CUTERY CORN

INTERY, mintery, cutery corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Three geese in a flock;
One flew east, and one flew west,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.

MISTRESS MARY

MISTRESS MARY, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockleshells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN-EATER

PETER, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

GEORGY PORGY

GEORGY PORGY, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the boys came out to play,
Georgy Porgy ran away.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.

Claire Wilkin

JACK SPRAT

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat.
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt the two of them,
They licked the platter clean.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

TOM, TOM, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run.
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tom went crying down the street.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER

LITTLE Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.

How shall he cut it
Without any knife?
How shall he marry
Without any wife?

CURLY-LOCKS

CURLY-LOCKS, Curly-locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion,
And sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
Sugar, and cream.

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON

POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea!

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away.

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth, without any bread,
Then kissed them all soundly, and sent them to bed.

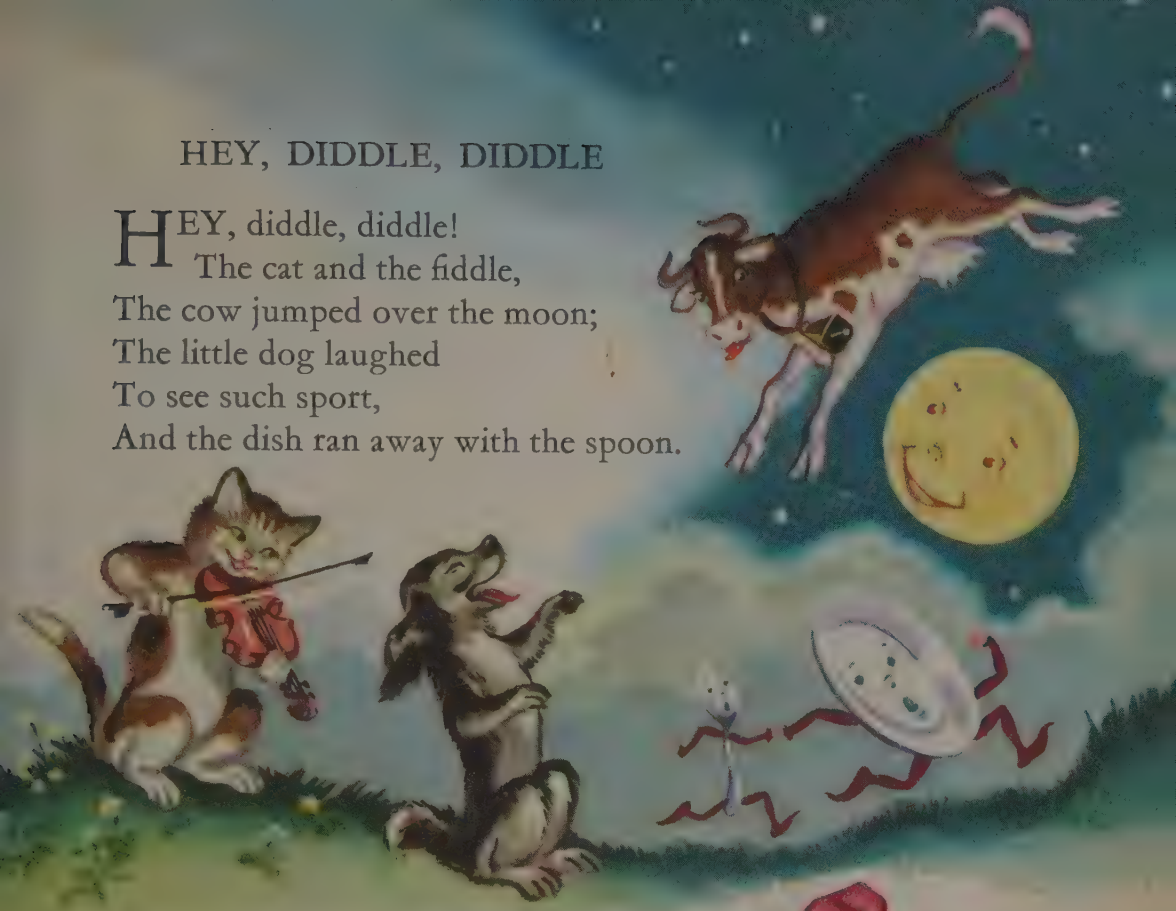
JACK AND JILL

JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Then up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper.
He went to bed to mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

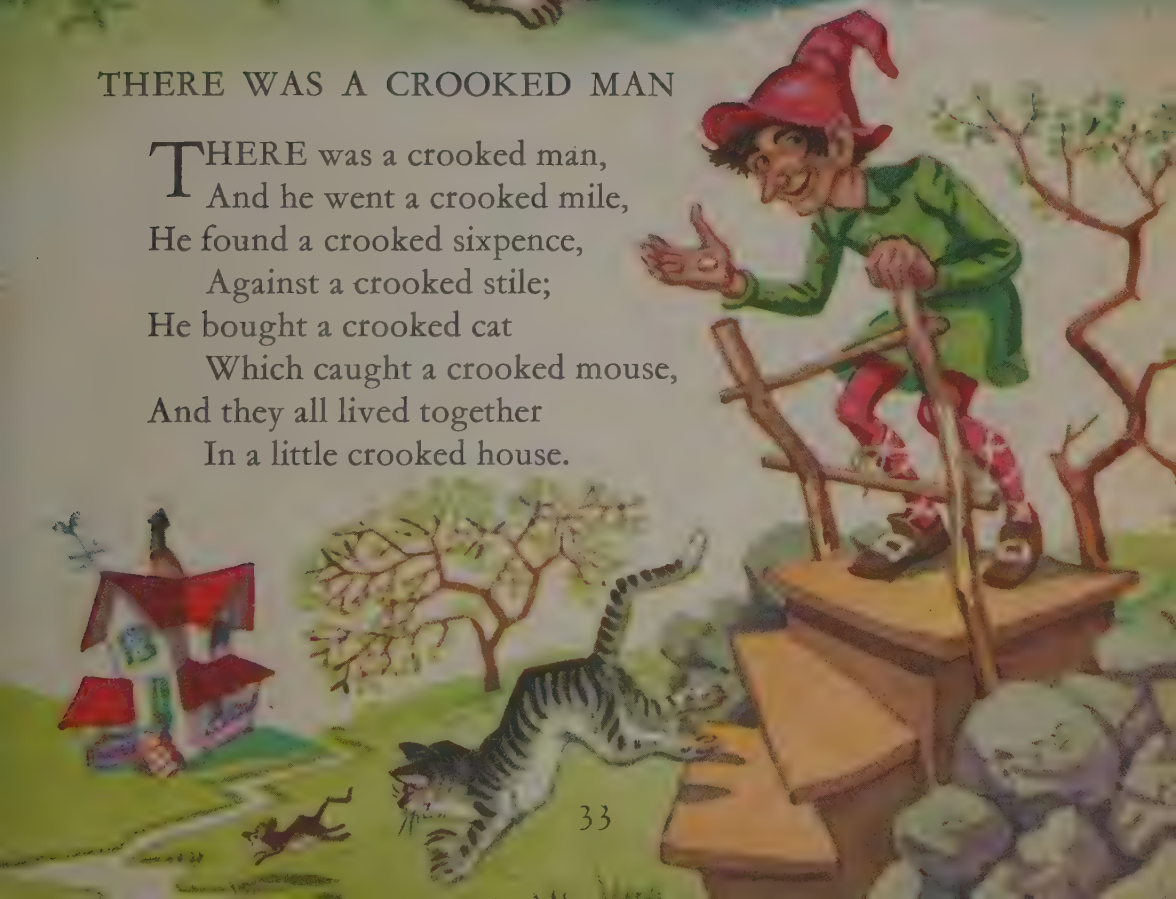
HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE

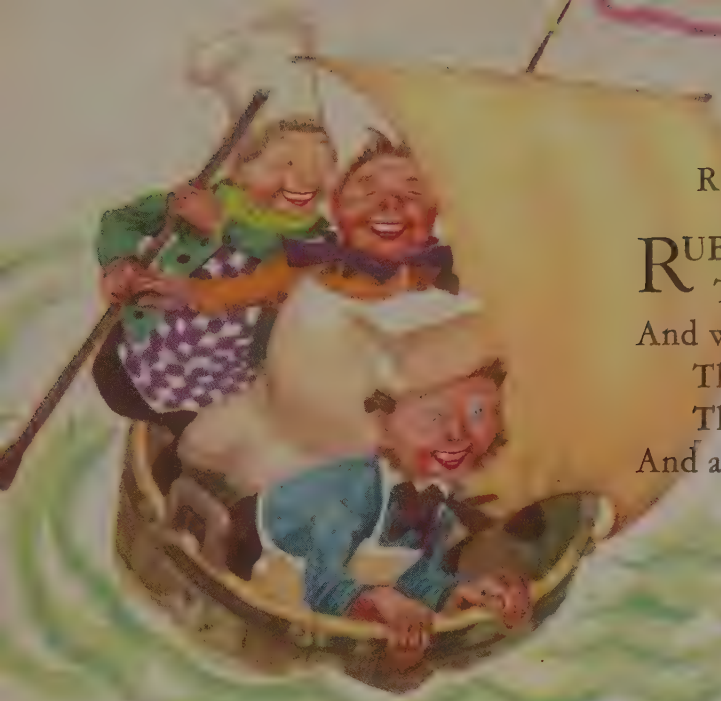
HEY, diddle, diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.



THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN

THERE was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence,
Against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.





RUB-A-DUB-DUB

RUB-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
And all of them gone to sea.

BOBBY SHAFTO

BOBBY SHAFTO'S gone to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love forevermore,
Pretty Bobby Shafto.

ONE MISTY, MOISTY MORNING

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment
And I began to grin,
"How-do-you-do,"
And "how-do-you-do,"
And "how-do-you-do, again!"

IF

IF ALL the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

TO MARKET, TO MARKET

TO MARKET, to market,
To buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again,
Jiggety-jig.

To market, to market,
To buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again,
Jiggety-jog,

To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again,
Market is done.

DING, DONG, BELL

DING, DONG, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To try to drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

I HAD A LITTLE PONY

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;

I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

BAA, Baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes sir, yes sir,
Three bags full:

One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.

LADYBIRD, LADYBIRD

LADYBIRD, Ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone,
All but one, and her name is Ann
And she crept under a pudding-pan.

BLOW, WIND, BLOW

BLOW, wind, blow; and go, mill, go,
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn,
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree;
Up went Pussycat, and down went he.
Down came Pussycat, and away Robin ran;
Said little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall;
Pussycat jumped after him, and almost got a fall.
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussycat said naught but "Mew," and Robin flew away.

ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIRD

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
I was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

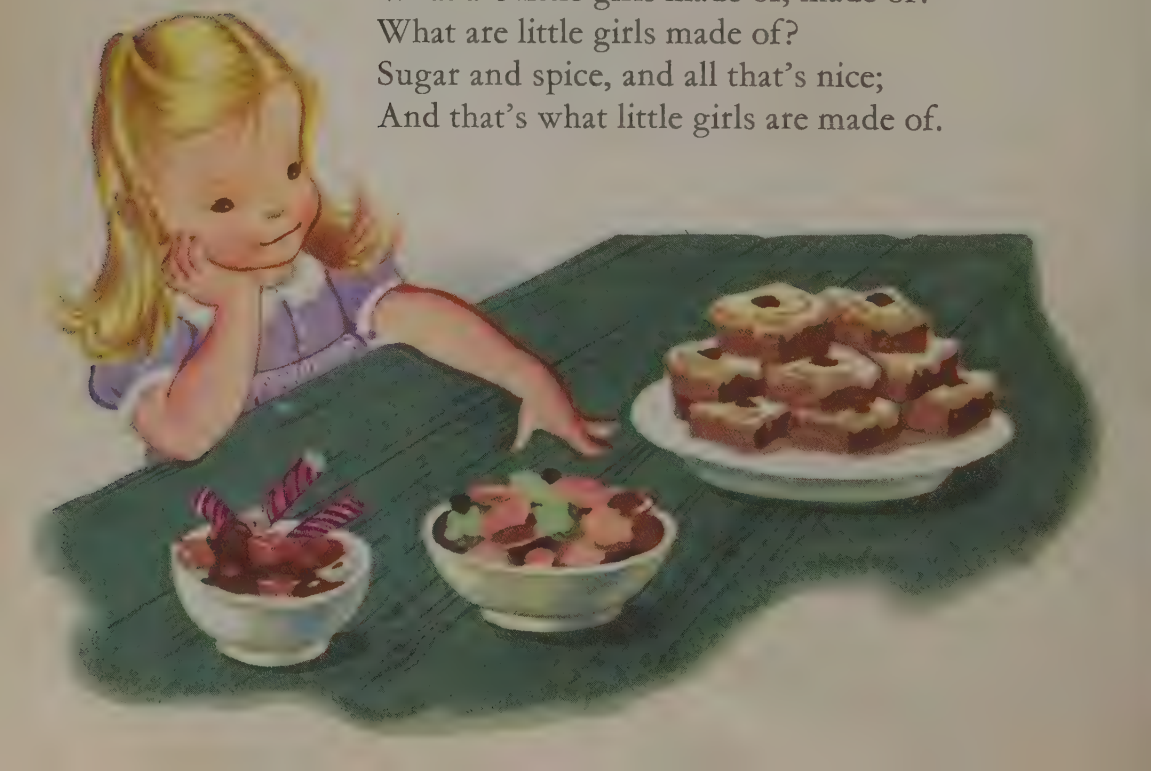
THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Nineteen times as high as the moon;
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with you?" "Aye, by and by."

WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

WHAT are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
And that's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of.

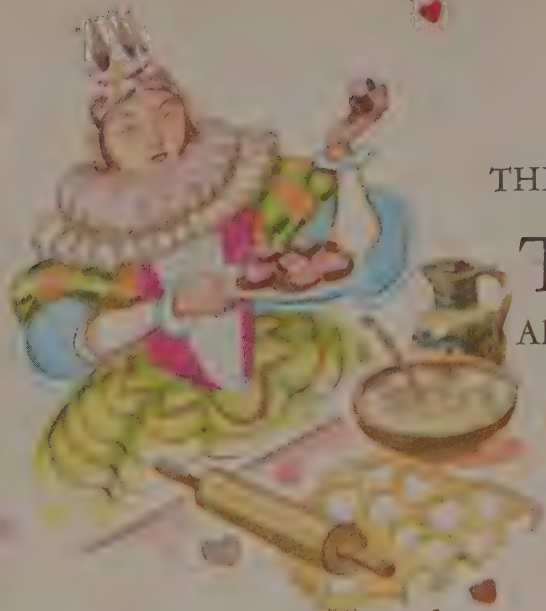


THIS IS THE WAY THE LADIES RIDE

THIS is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hoy!



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

THE QUEEN of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.

The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And took them clean away.

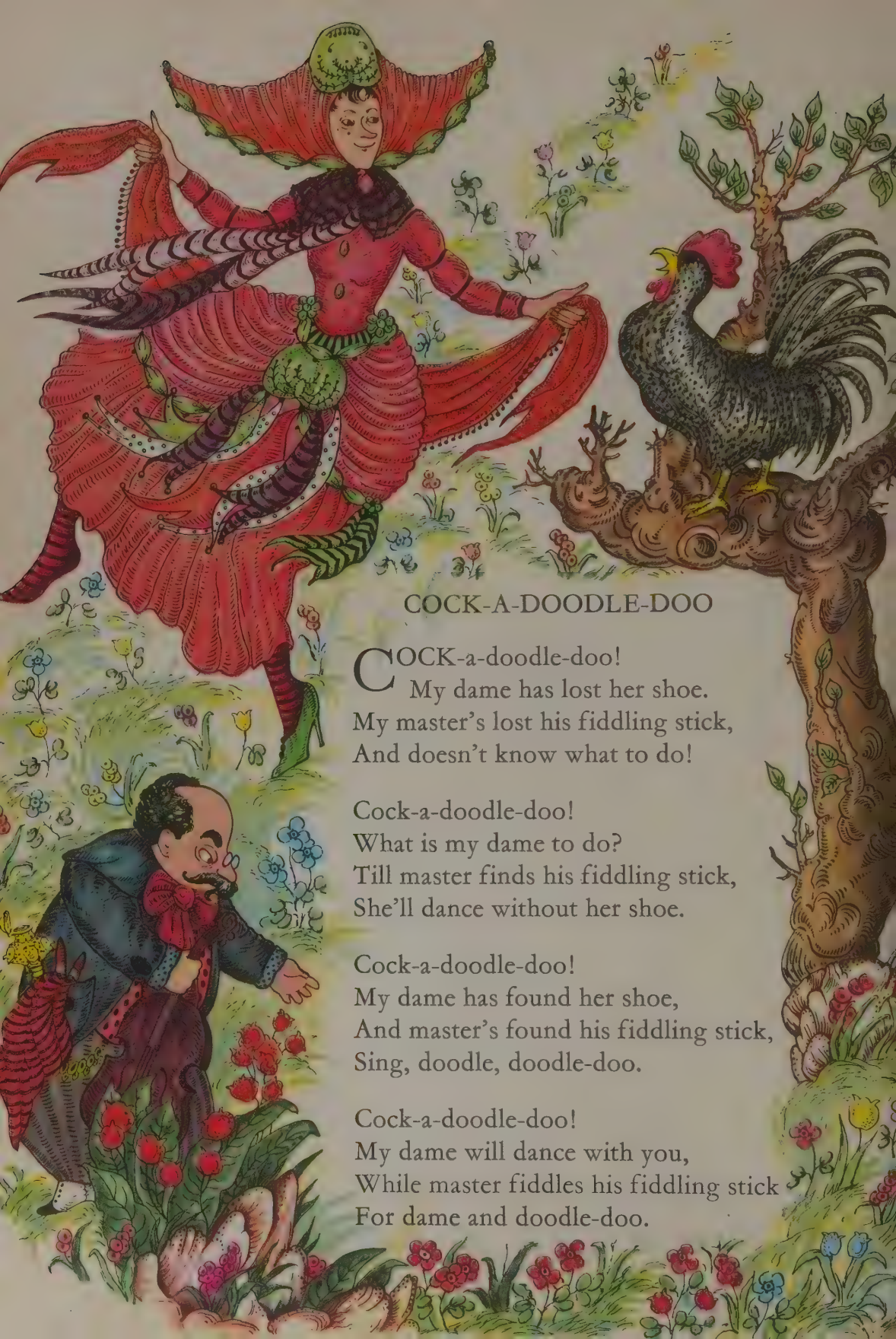
The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore.

The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

OLD KING COLE

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
He called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Then twee, tweedle-dee,
Tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

COCK-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe.
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And doesn't know what to do!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing, doodle, doodle-doo.

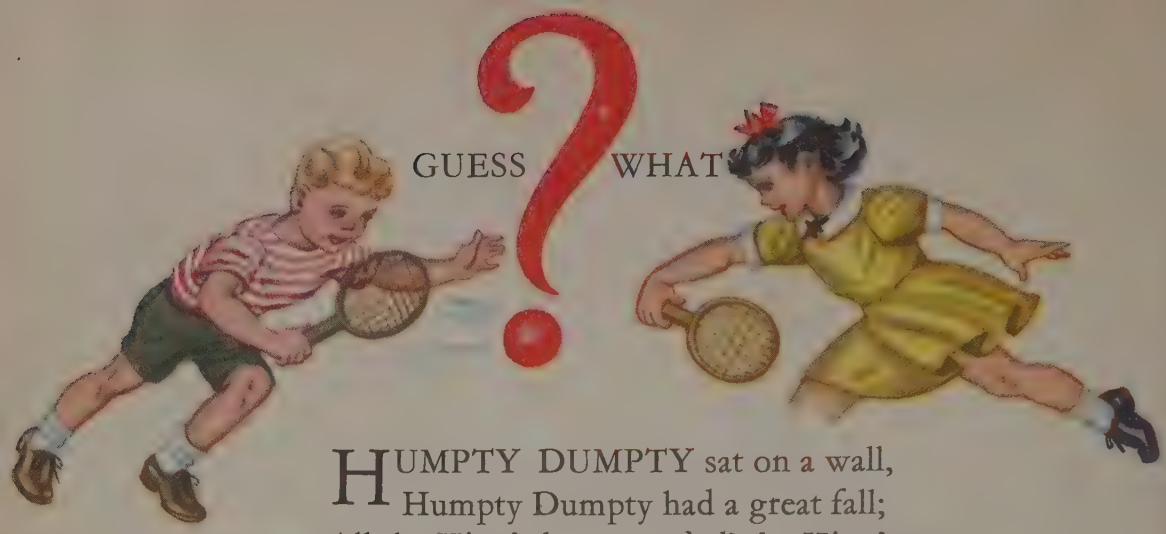
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick
For dame and doodle-doo.

OH, DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

OH, DEAR, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so late at the fair.
He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons,
He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons,
He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons,
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

A DILLAR, A DOLLAR

A DILLAR, a dollar
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock
But now you come at noon.



HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

An Egg.

AS white as milk,
As soft as silk,
And hundreds close together;
They sail away
On an autumn day,
When windy is the weather.

WILHELMINA SEEGMILLER

Milkweed Seed.

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose.
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

A Candle.

THIRTY white horses
On a red hill;
Now they tramp,
Now they champ,
Now they stand still.

The Teeth and Gums.

AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

One.

OLD Mother Twitchet had but one eye,
And a long tail that she let fly;
And every time she went through a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

A Needle and Thread.

TWO legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him drop one leg.

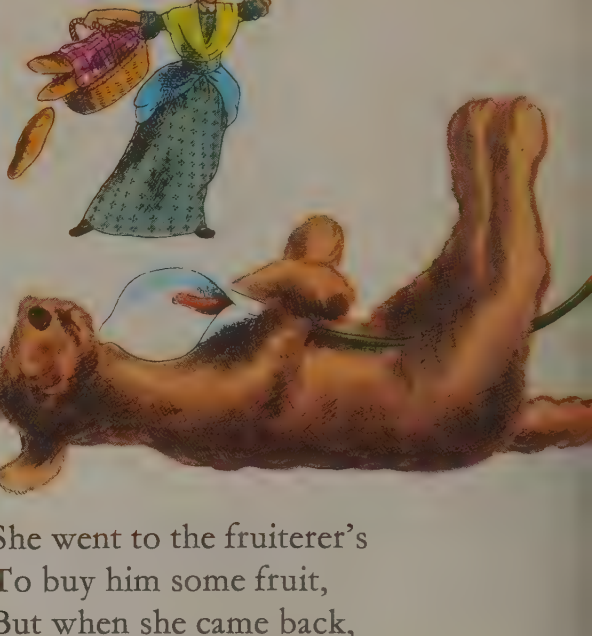
A Man, a Stool, a Leg of Mutton, and a Dog.

JANICE HOLLAND

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

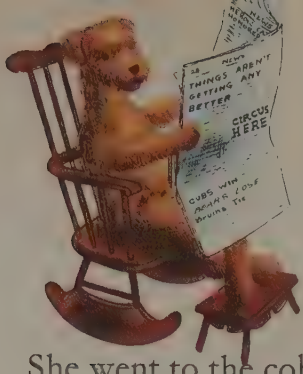
She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back,
The poor dog was dead.



She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute.

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish,
But when she came back,
He was licking the dish.

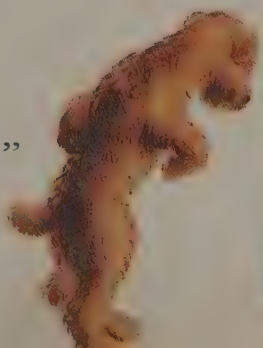
She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

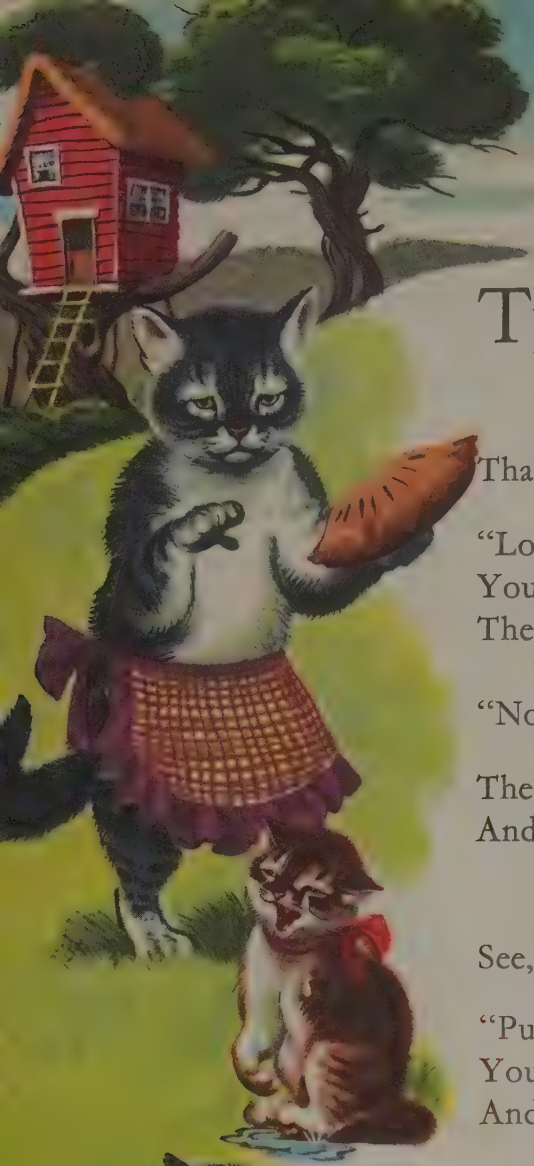


She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow-wow."



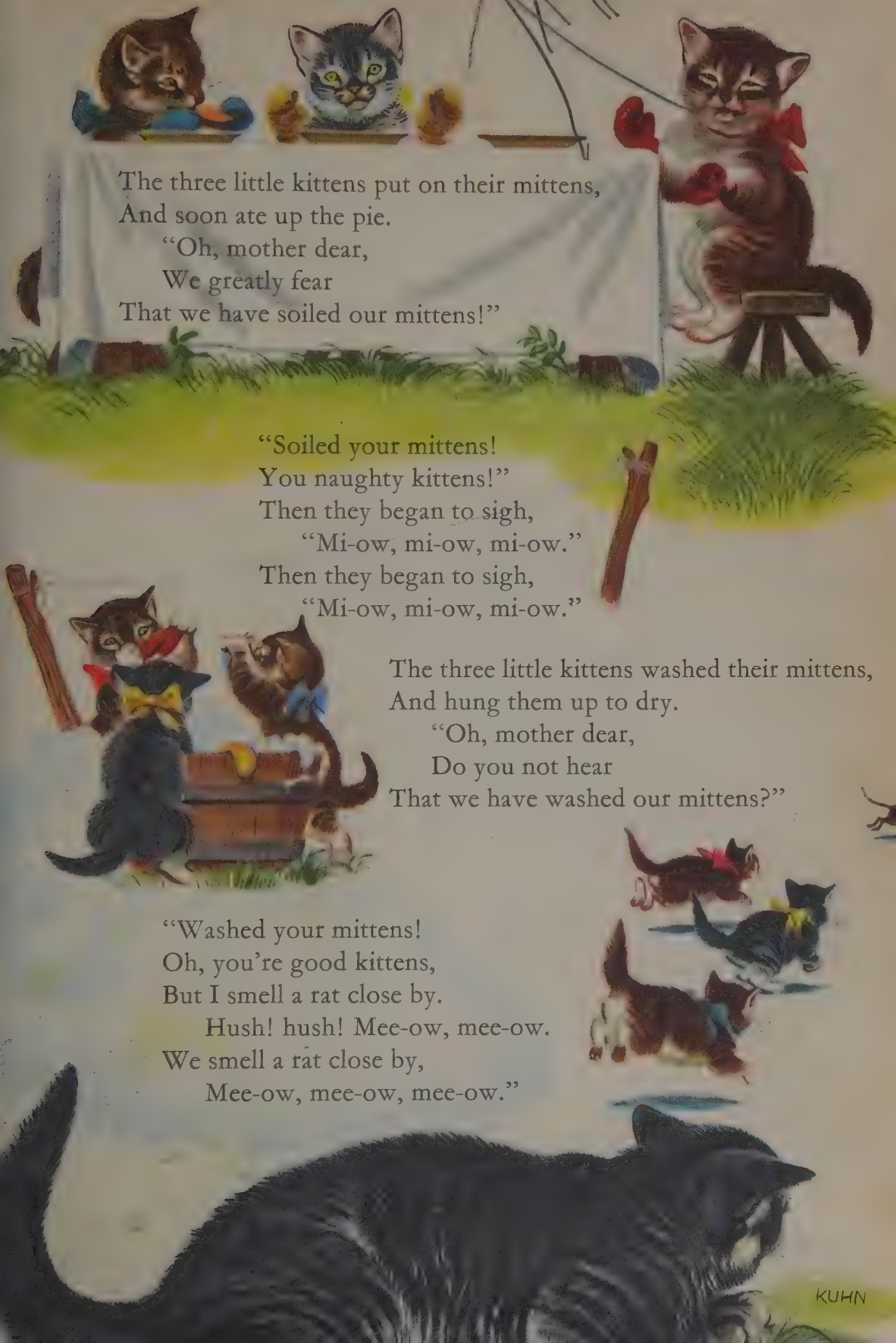


THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother dear,
See here, see here!
See, we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you shall have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.
Oh, let us have the pie!
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.
"Oh, mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens!"

"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow."

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry.
"Oh, mother dear,
Do you not hear
That we have washed our mittens?"

"Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good kittens,
But I smell a rat close by.
Hush! hush! Mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

KUHN

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

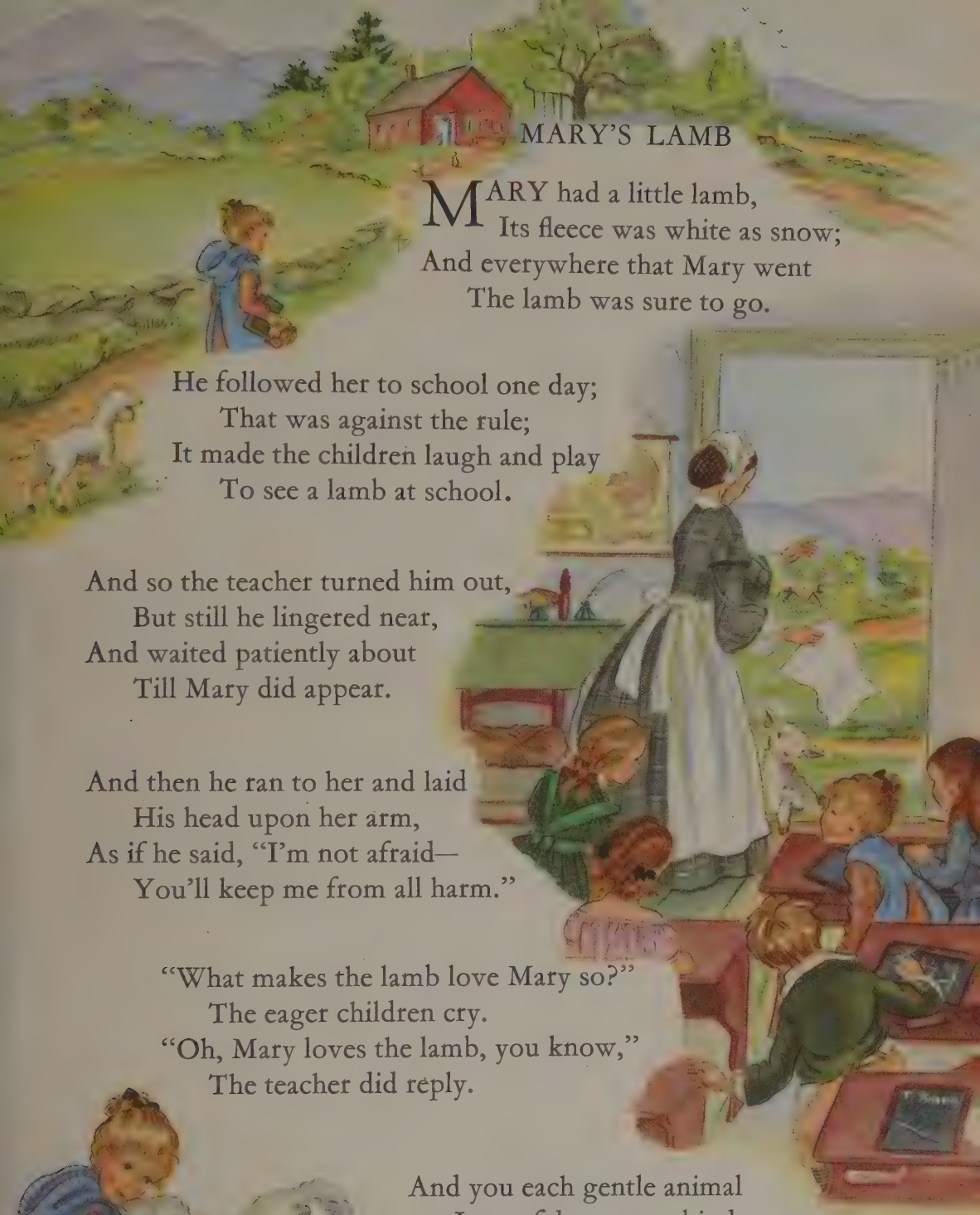
HERE we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our hands,
We wash our hands, we wash our hands,
This is the way we wash our hands,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we dry our hands,
We dry our hands, we dry our hands,
This is the way we dry our hands,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we clap our hands,
We clap our hands, we clap our hands,
This is the way we clap our hands,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we warm our hands,
We warm our hands, we warm our hands,
This is the way we warm our hands,
So early in the morning.



MARY'S LAMB

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day;
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call
If you are always kind.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in his counting house
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in her parlor,
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
Down came a blackbird
And snapped off her nose.

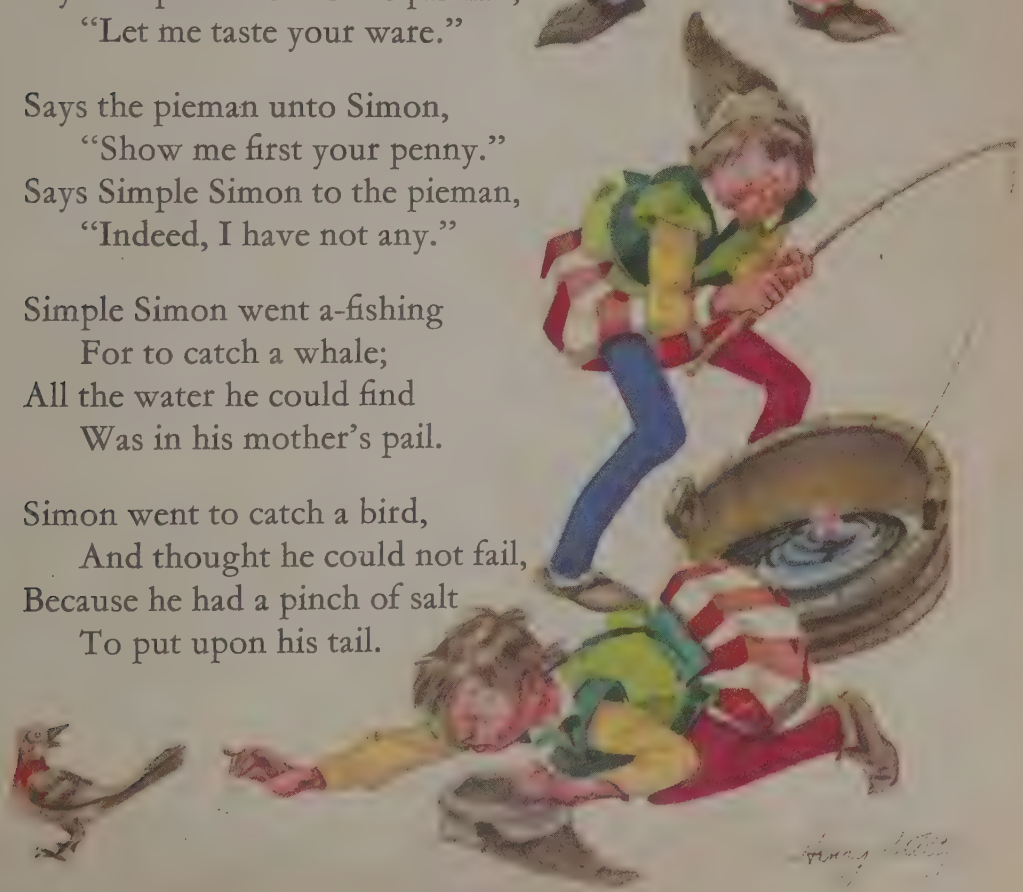
SIMPLE SIMON

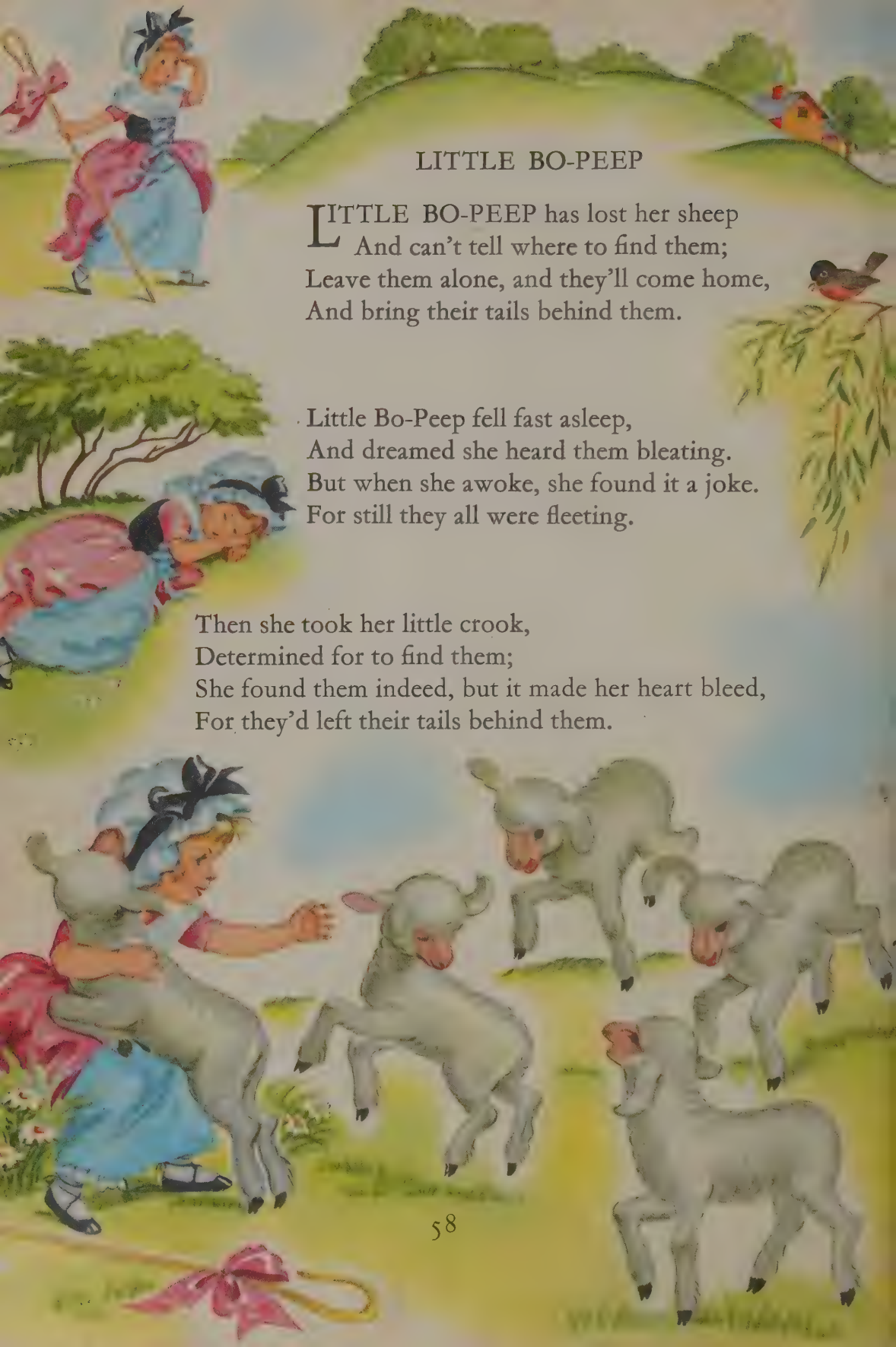
SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman unto Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he could find
Was in his mother's pail.

Simon went to catch a bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he had a pinch of salt
To put upon his tail.





LITTLE BO-PEEP

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating.
But when she awoke, she found it a joke.
For still they all were fleeting.

Then she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bo-Peep did astray
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied their tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
And ran o'er hill and dale,
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack each sheep to its tail.

R.T. Dixon

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

THIS is the house that Jack built.

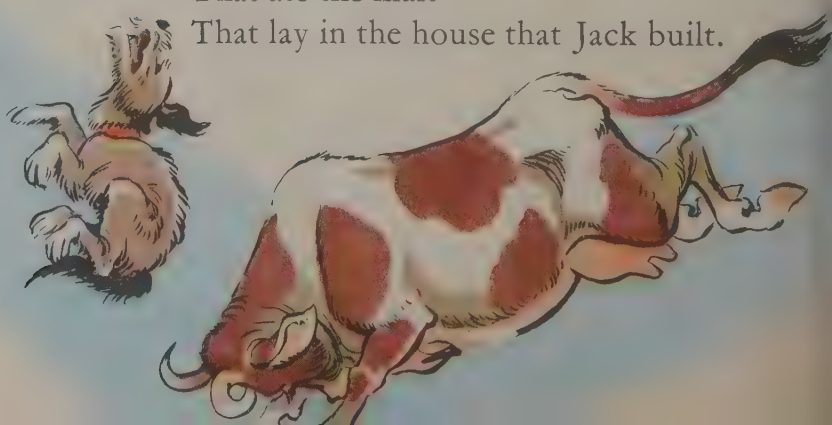
This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

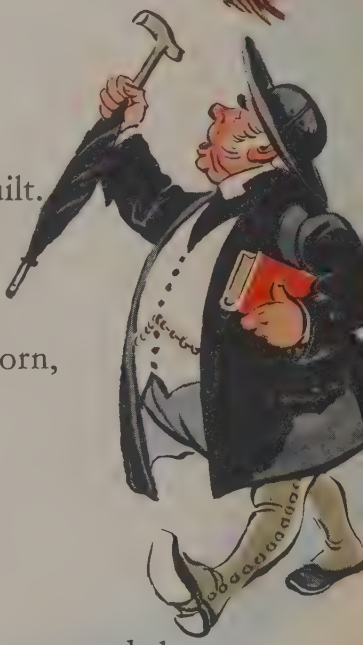
This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

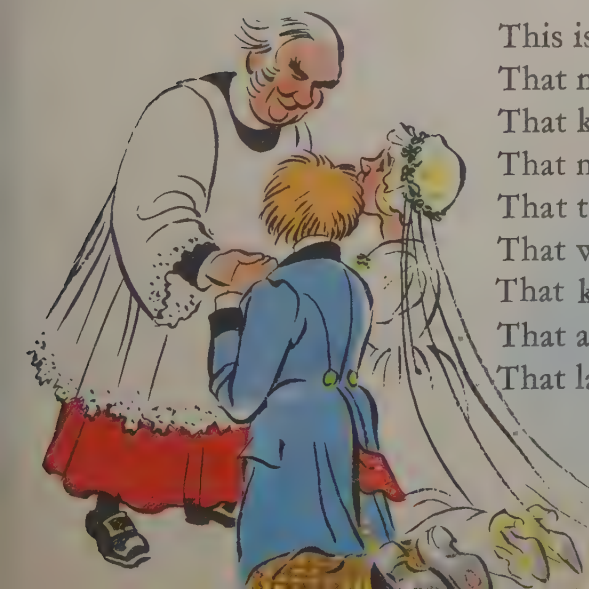
This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE WORLD ABOUT US

HAPPY THOUGHT

THE world is so full
of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all
be as happy as kings.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

MIX A PANCAKE

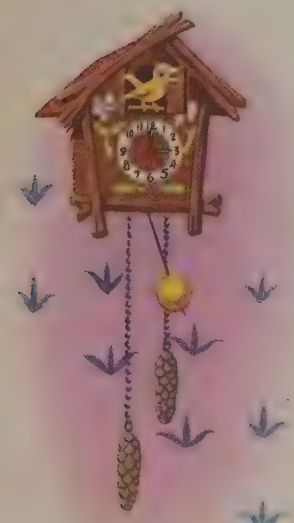
MIX a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
Pop it in the pan;

Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake —
Catch it if you can.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

HOT CROSS BUNS

HOT cross buns!
Hot cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns!
If you have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns!



THE CLOCK

TICK, tock, tick, tock,
Merrily sings the clock;
It's time for work,
It's time for play,
So it sings throughout the day.
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Merrily sings the clock.

MARY MIDDLING

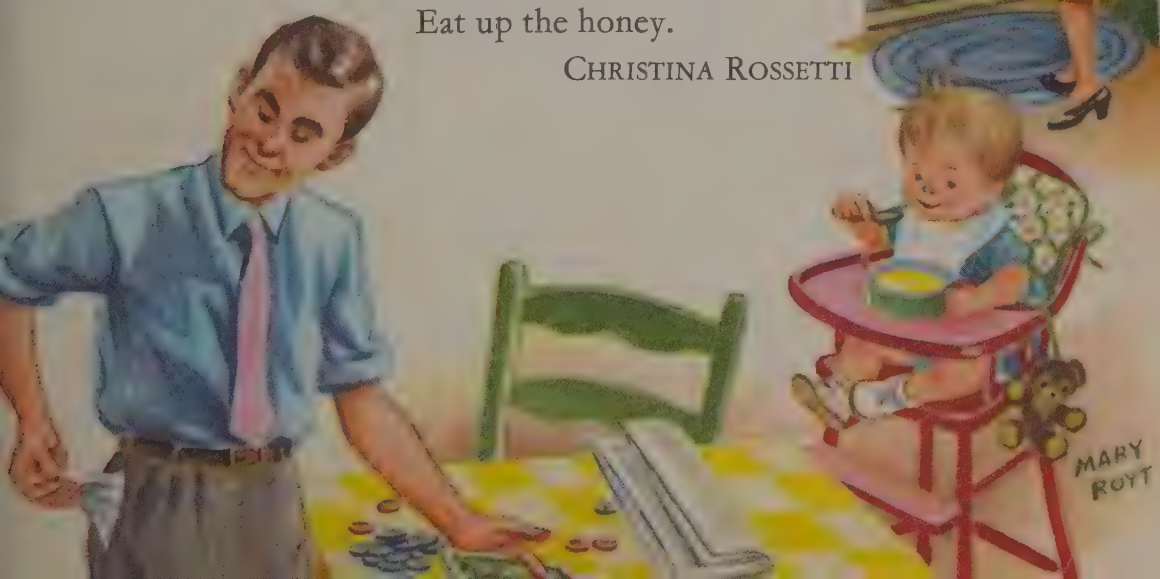
MARY MIDDLING had a pig,
Not very little and not very big,
Not very pink, not very green,
Not very dirty, not very clean,
Not very good, not very naughty,
Not very humble, not very haughty,
Not very thin, not very fat;
Now what would you give
for a pig like that?

ROSE FYLEMAN

WHAT DOES THE BEE DO?

WHAT does the bee do?
Bring home honey.
And what does Father do?
Bring home money.
And what does Mother do?
Lay out the money.
And what does baby do?
Eat up the honey.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



LITTLE

I AM the sister of him
And he is my brother.
He is too little for us
To talk to each other.

So every morning I show him
My doll and my book;
But every morning he still is
Too little to look.

DOROTHY ALDIS

HERE ALL WE SEE

HERE all we see
Is Ann's small nose,
A smile, two legs,
And ten pink toes,
Neatly arranged
In two short rows.

WALTER DE LA MARE

MY BED

I HAVE a little bed
Just for me.
Brother's too big for it.
Mummy's too big for it.
Daddy's *too* big for it.
Do you see?

I have a little bed,
Do you see?
But—pussy's too small for it.
Puppy's too small for it.
Baby's too small for it.
It's *just* for me.

ELIZABETH MANSON SCOTT

A MOTHER'S SONG

LOVE me—I love you,
Love me, my baby;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Sing it as may be.

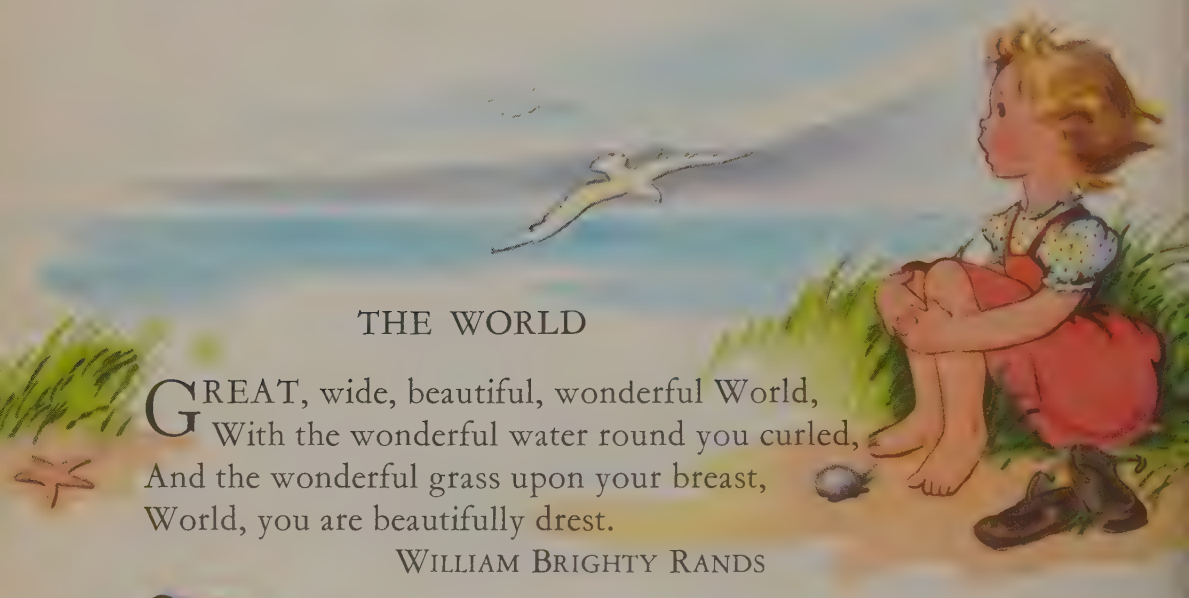
Mother's arms under you,
Her eyes above you;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Love me—I love you.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

TIME TO RISE

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepyhead?"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



THE WORLD

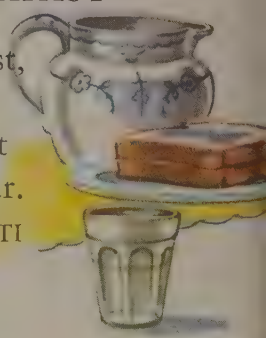
GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully drest.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

BREAD AND MILK FOR BREAKFAST

BREAD and milk for breakfast,
And woolen frocks to wear,
And a crumb for robin redbreast
On the cold days of the year.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



BREAKFAST TIME

THE SUN is always in the sky
Whenever I get out of bed,
And I often wonder why
It's never late. — My sister said

She didn't know who did the trick,
And that she didn't care a bit,
And I should eat my porridge quick.
. . . I think its mother wakens it.

JAMES STEPHENS

THREE PLUM BUNS

THREE plum buns
To eat here at the stile
In the clover meadow,
For we have walked a mile.

One for you, and one for me,
And one left over:
Give it to the boy who shouts
To scare sheep from the clover.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE CUPBOARD

I KNOW a little cupboard,
With a teeny tiny key,
And there's a jar of Lollipops
For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear,
As dark as dark can be,
And there's a dish of Banbury Cakes
For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she's Keeper of the Cupboard,
With the key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear,
As good as good can be,
There's Banbury Cakes, and Lollipops
For me, me, me.

WALTER DE LA MARE

HILDEGARD WOODWARD

ANIMAL CRACKERS

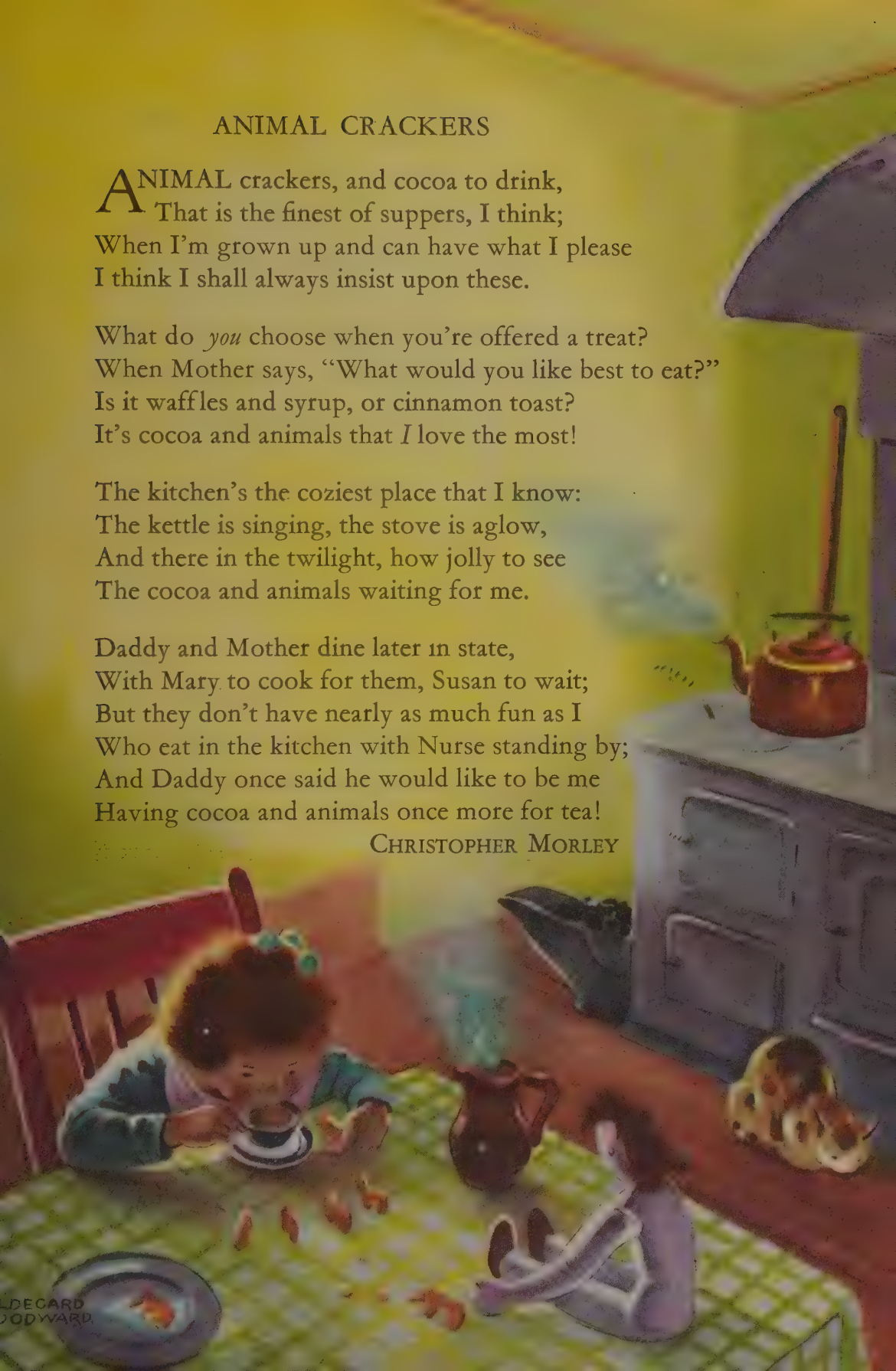
ANIMAL crackers, and cocoa to drink,
That is the finest of suppers, I think;
When I'm grown up and can have what I please
I think I shall always insist upon these.

What do *you* choose when you're offered a treat?
When Mother says, "What would you like best to eat?"
Is it waffles and syrup, or cinnamon toast?
It's cocoa and animals that *I* love the most!

The kitchen's the coziest place that I know:
The kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,
And there in the twilight, how jolly to see
The cocoa and animals waiting for me.

Daddy and Mother dine later in state,
With Mary to cook for them, Susan to wait;
But they don't have nearly as much fun as I
Who eat in the kitchen with Nurse standing by;
And Daddy once said he would like to be me
Having cocoa and animals once more for tea!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



AFTER A BATH

AFTER my bath
I try, try, try
to wipe myself
till I'm dry, dry, dry.

Hands to wipe
and fingers and toes
and two wet legs
and a shiny nose.

Just think how much
less time I'd take
if I were a dog
and could shake, shake, shake.

AILEEN FISHER

THE MITTEN SONG
(to be chanted)

"THUMBS in the thumb-place,
Fingers all together!"
This is the song
We sing in mitten-weather.
When it is cold,
It doesn't matter whether
Mittens are wool,
Or made of finest leather.
This is the song
We sing in mitten-weather:
"Thumbs in the thumb-place,
Fingers all together!"

MARY LOUISE ALLEN

MY ZIPPER SUIT

MY zipper suit is bunny-brown—
The top zips up, the legs zip down.
I wear it every day.
My daddy brought it out from town.
Zip it up, and zip it down,
And hurry out to play!

MARY LOUISE ALLEN

HILDEGARD WOODWARD

SATURDAY SHOPPING

TO MARKET, to market,
On Saturday morn,
For prunes and potatoes
And ears of sweet corn,
For bacon and sausage,
For apple and pear.
To market, to market—
Our cupboard is bare!

KATHERINE EDELMAN

SHELLING PEAS

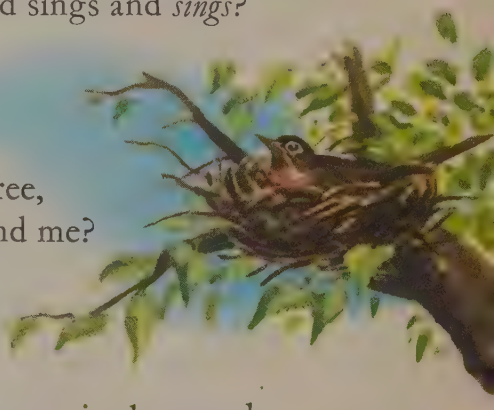
I LIKE to shell peas
that are fresh from a shop.
I start at the tail-end
instead of the top
so they will explode
with a wonderful POP!

AILEEN FISHER

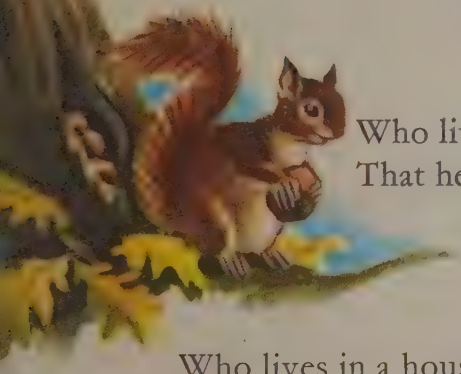
DO YOU KNOW . . . .

WHO lives in a house of glass so round
And never, *never* makes a sound?

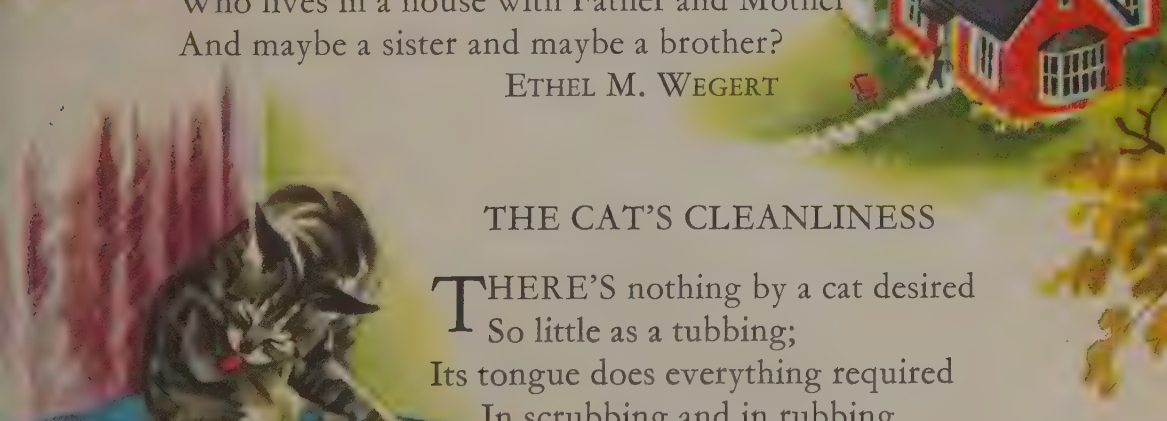
Who lives in a small wire house that swings,
And sings and sings and sings and *sings*?



Who lives in a straw house in a tree,
And hides her babies from you and me?



Who lives in a hollow tree in the wood
That he fills with nuts for his winter food?



Who lives in a house with Father and Mother
And maybe a sister and maybe a brother?

ETHEL M. WEGERT

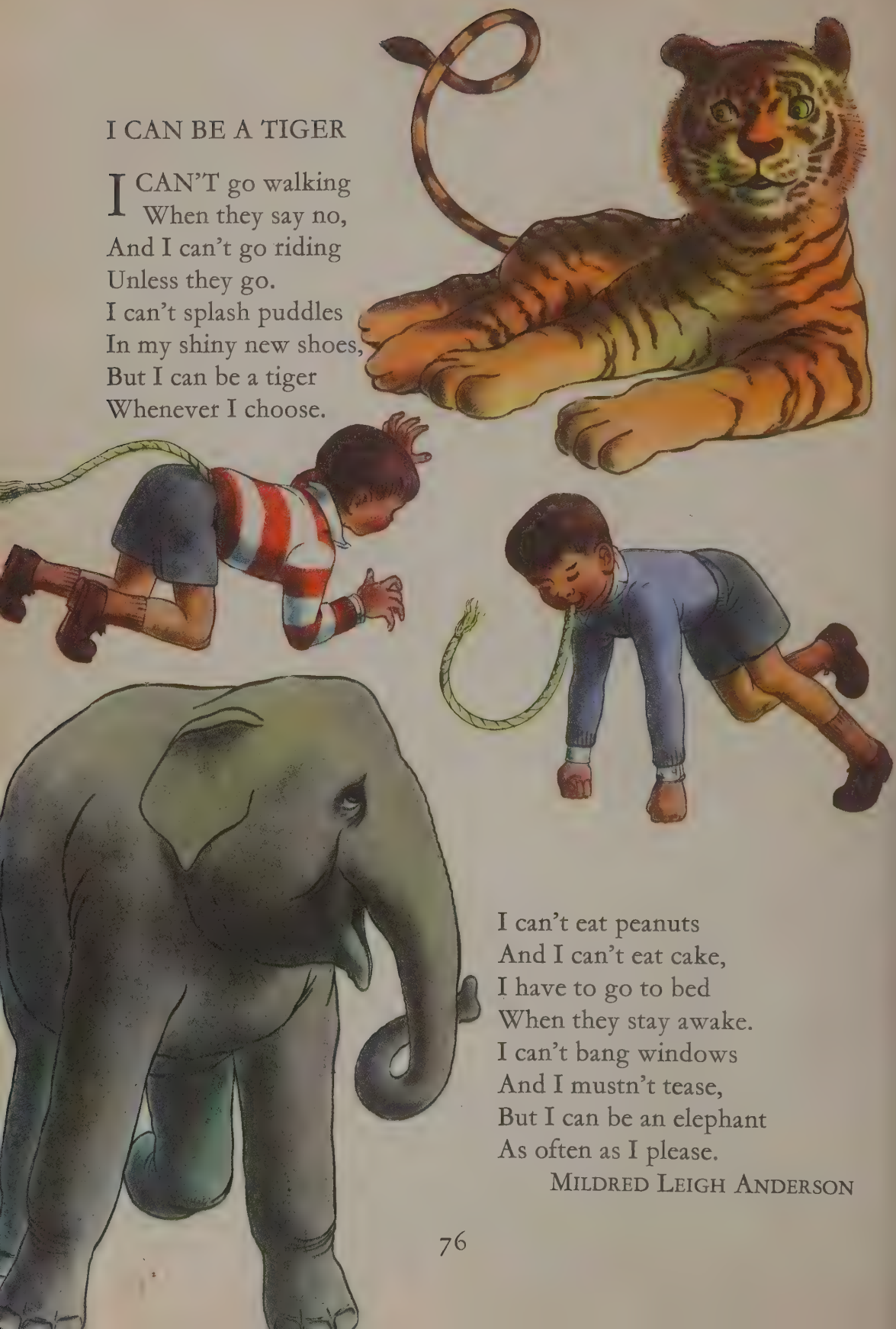
THE CAT'S CLEANLINESS

THERE'S nothing by a cat desired
So little as a tubbing;
Its tongue does everything required
In scrubbing and in rubbing.

E. V. LUCAS

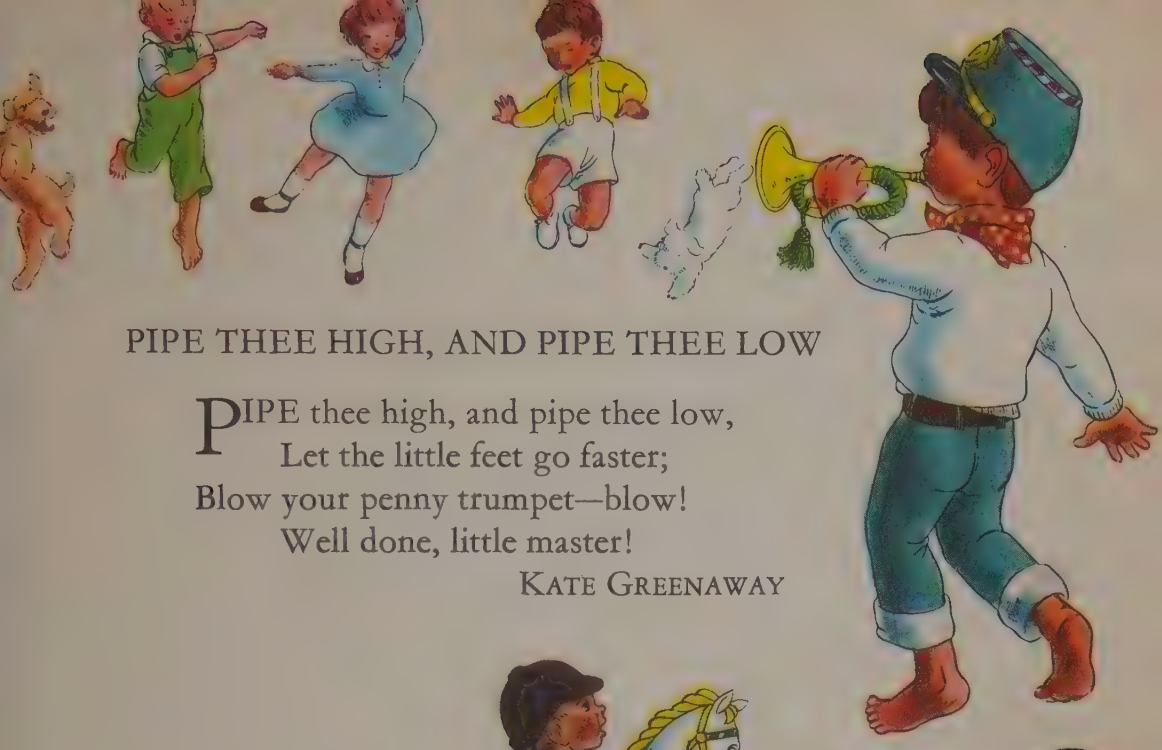
I CAN BE A TIGER

I CAN'T go walking
When they say no,
And I can't go riding
Unless they go.
I can't splash puddles
In my shiny new shoes,
But I can be a tiger
Whenever I choose.



I can't eat peanuts
And I can't eat cake,
I have to go to bed
When they stay awake.
I can't bang windows
And I mustn't tease,
But I can be an elephant
As often as I please.

MILDRED LEIGH ANDERSON



PIPE THEE HIGH, AND PIPE THEE LOW

PIPE thee high, and pipe thee low,
Let the little feet go faster;
Blow your penny trumpet—blow!
Well done, little master!

KATE GREENAWAY

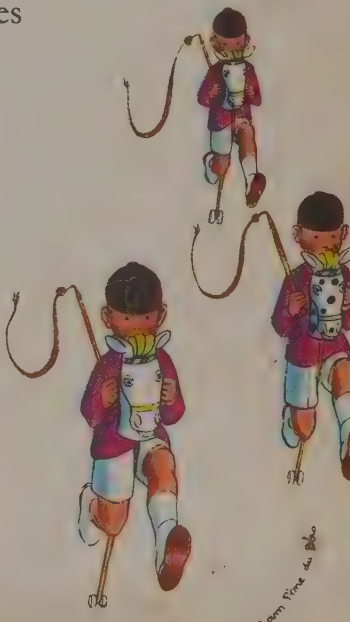
THE HUNTSMEN

THREE jolly gentlemen,
In coats of red,
Rode their horses
Up to bed.

Three jolly gentlemen
Snored till morn,
Their horses champing
The golden corn.

Three jolly gentlemen,
At break of day,
Came clitter-clatter down the stairs
And galloped away.

WALTER DE LA MARE

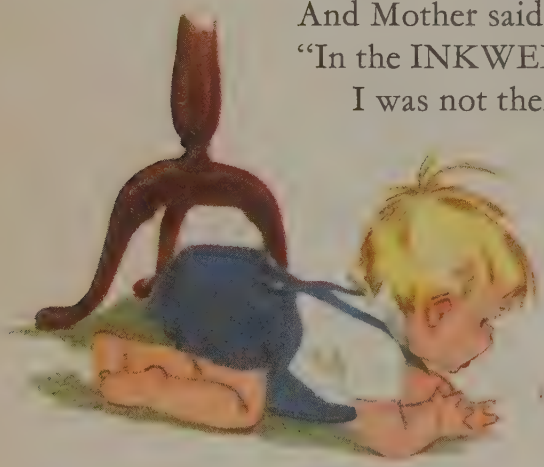


HIDING

I'M hiding, I'm hiding,
And no one knows where;
For all they can see is my
Toes and my hair.

And I just heard my father
Say to my mother—
"But, darling, he must be
Somewhere or other.

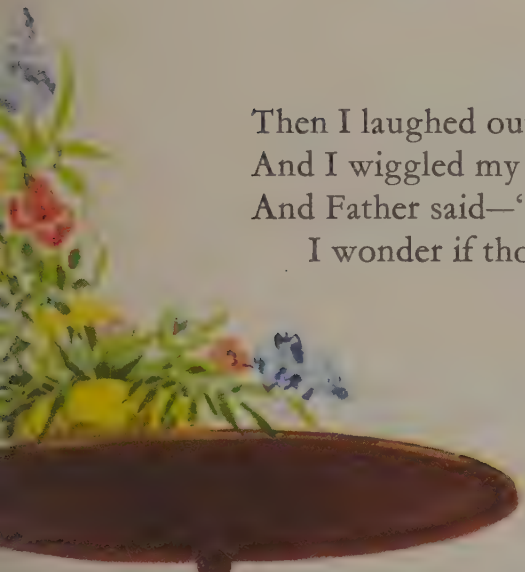
"Have you looked in the inkwell?"
And Mother said, "Where?"
"In the INKWELL," said Father. But
I was not there.



Then "Wait!" cried my mother—
"I think that I see
Him under the carpet." But
It was not me.

"Inside the mirror's
A pretty good place,"
Said Father and looked, but saw
Only his face.

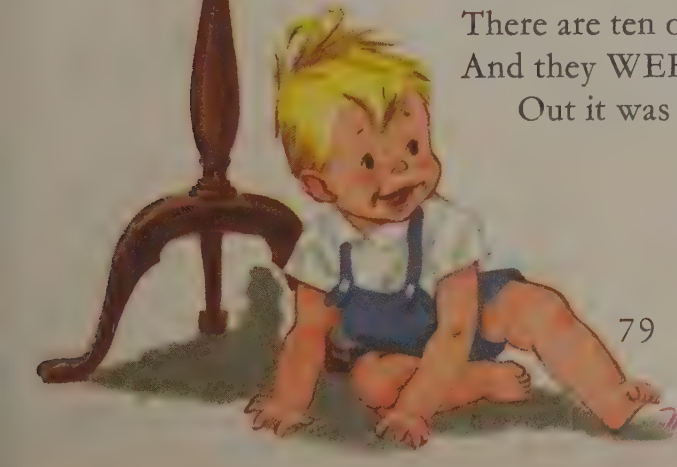
"We've hunted," sighed mother,
"As hard as we could
And I AM so afraid that we've
Lost him for good."



Then I laughed out aloud
And I wiggled my toes
And Father said—"Look, dear,
I wonder if those

"Toes could be Benny's.
There are ten of them. See?"
And they WERE so surprised to find
Out it was me!

DOROTHY ALDIS



THE PICNIC

WE brought a rug for sitting on,
Our lunch was in a box.
The sand was warm. We didn't wear
Hats or shoes or socks.

Waves came curling up the beach.
We waded. It was fun.
Our sandwiches were different kinds.
I dropped my jelly one.

DOROTHY ALDIS

THREE GUESTS

I HAD a little tea-party,
This afternoon at three;
'Twas very small,
Three guests in all,
Just I, myself, and me.

Myself ate up the sandwiches,
While I drank up the tea,
'Twas also I
Who ate the pie
And passed the cake to me.

JESSICA NELSON NORTH

THE BUTTERBEAN TENT

ALL through the garden I went and went,
And I walked in under the butterbean tent.

The poles leaned up like a good tepee
And made a nice little house for me.

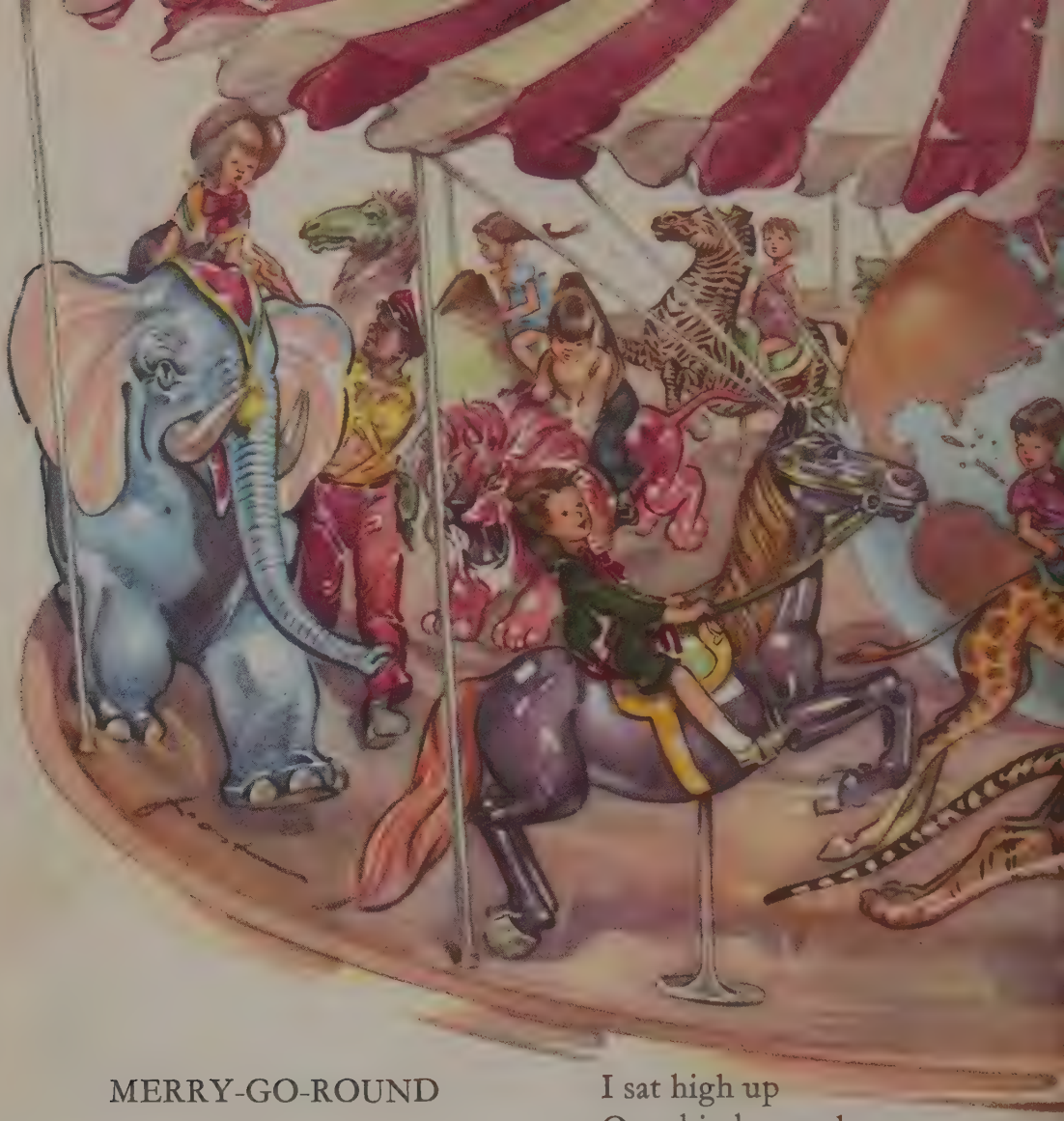
I had a hard brown clod for a seat,
And all outside was a cool green street.

A little green worm and a butterfly
And a cricket-like thing that could hop went by.

Hidden away there were flocks and flocks
Of bugs that could go like little clocks.

Such a good day it was when I spent
A long, long while in the butterbean tent.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS



MERRY-GO-ROUND

I climbed up on the merry-go-round,
And it went round and round.

I climbed up on a big brown horse,
And it went up and down.

Around and round
And up and down,
Around and round
And up and down.

I sat high up
On a big brown horse
And rode around
On the merry-go-round
And rode around

On the merry-go-round
I rode around
On the merry-go-round
Around and round
And round.

DOROTHY W. BARUCH

MERRY-GO-ROUND

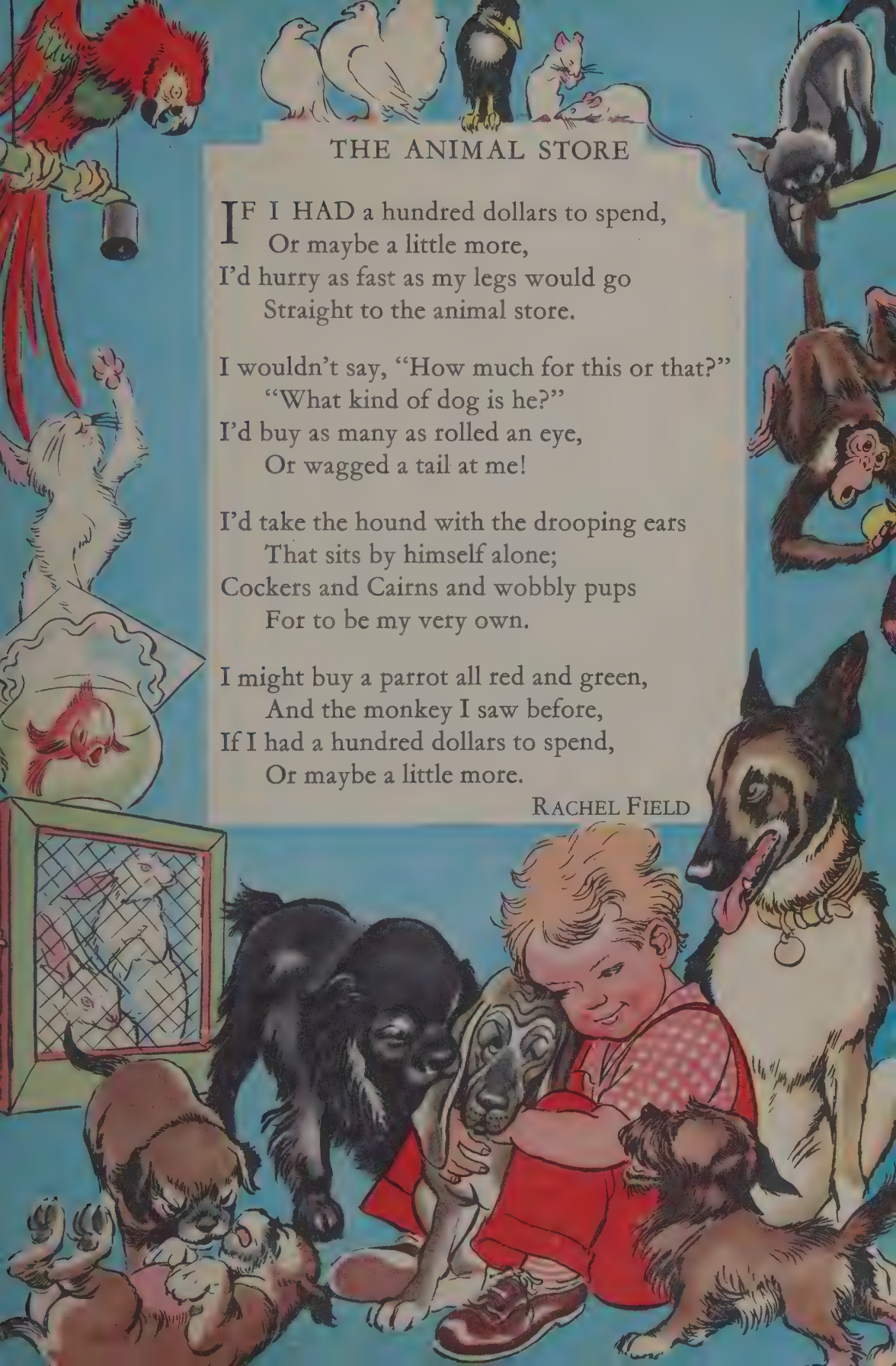
PURPLE horses with orange manes,
Elephants pink and blue,
Tigers and lions that never were seen
In circus parade or zoo!
Bring out your money and choose your steed,
And prance to delightsome sound.
What fun if the world would turn some day
Into a Merry-Go-Round!

RACHEL FIELD

GENERAL STORE

SOME day I'm going to have a store
With a tinkly bell hung over the door,
With real glass cases and counters wide
And drawers all spilly with things inside.
There'll be a little of everything:
Bolts of calico; balls of string;
Jars of peppermint; tins of tea;
Pots and kettles and crockery;
Seeds in packets; scissors bright;
Kegs of sugar, brown and white;
Sarsaparilla for picnic lunches,
Bananas and rubber boots in bunches.
I'll fix the window and dust each shelf,
And take the money in all myself.
It will be my store and I will say:
"What can I do for you today?"

RACHEL FIELD



THE ANIMAL STORE

IF I HAD a hundred dollars to spend,
Or maybe a little more,
I'd hurry as fast as my legs would go
Straight to the animal store.

I wouldn't say, "How much for this or that?"
"What kind of dog is he?"
I'd buy as many as rolled an eye,
Or wagged a tail at me!

I'd take the hound with the drooping ears
That sits by himself alone;
Cockers and Cairns and wobbly pups
For to be my very own.

I might buy a parrot all red and green,
And the monkey I saw before,
If I had a hundred dollars to spend,
Or maybe a little more.

RACHEL FIELD

LITTLE PUSSY

I LIKE little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because
I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her.

I'll not pinch her ears,
Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw.

I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For Puss doesn't like
To be worried or teased.

JANE TAYLOR

CHUMS

He sits and begs, he gives a paw,
He is, as you can see,
The finest dog you ever saw,
And he belongs to me.

He follows everywhere I go
And even when I swim.
I laugh because he thinks, you know,
That I belong to him.

But still no matter what we do
We never have a fuss;
And so I guess it must be true—
That *we* belong to *us*.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Dorcas

MILKING TIME

WHEN supper time is almost come,
But not quite here, I cannot wait,
And so I take my china mug
And go down by the milking gate.

The cow is always eating shucks
And spilling off the little silk.
Her purple eyes are big and soft—
She always smells like milk.

And father takes my mug from me,
And then he makes the stream come out.
I see it going in my mug
And foaming all about.

And when it's piling very high,
And when some little streams commence
To run and drip along the sides,
He hands it to me through the fence.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THE COW

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

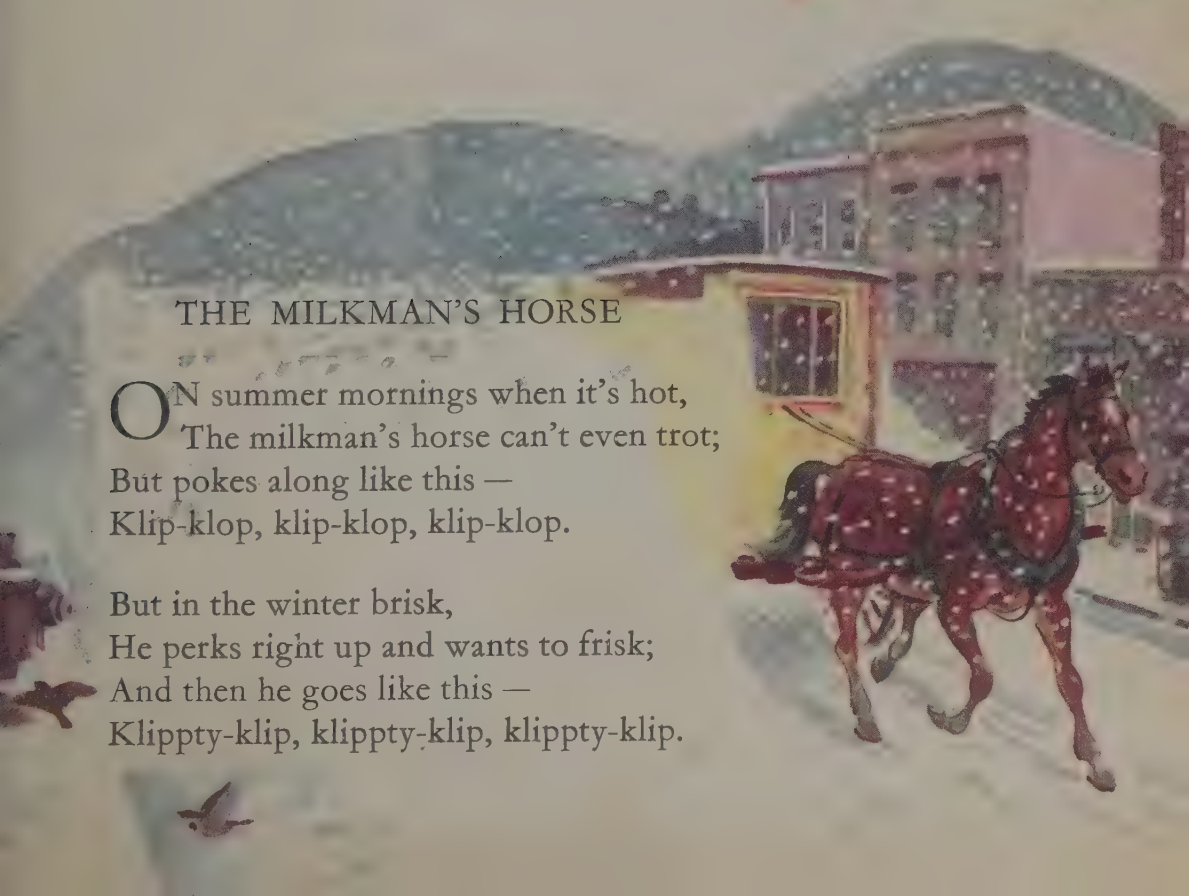
Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JANE TAYLOR

THE MILKMAN'S HORSE

ON summer mornings when it's hot,
The milkman's horse can't even trot;
But pokes along like this —
Klip-klop, klip-klop, klip-klop.

But in the winter brisk,
He perks right up and wants to frisk;
And then he goes like this —
Klippty-klip, klippty-klip, klippty-klip.



WHISKY FRISKY

WHISKY Frisky,
Hippity-hop
Up he goes
To the treetop!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snap, cracky,
Out it fell.

THE PIG'S TAIL

A FURRY coat has the bear to wear,
The tortoise a coat of mail,
The yak has more than his share of hair,
But—the pig has a curly tail.

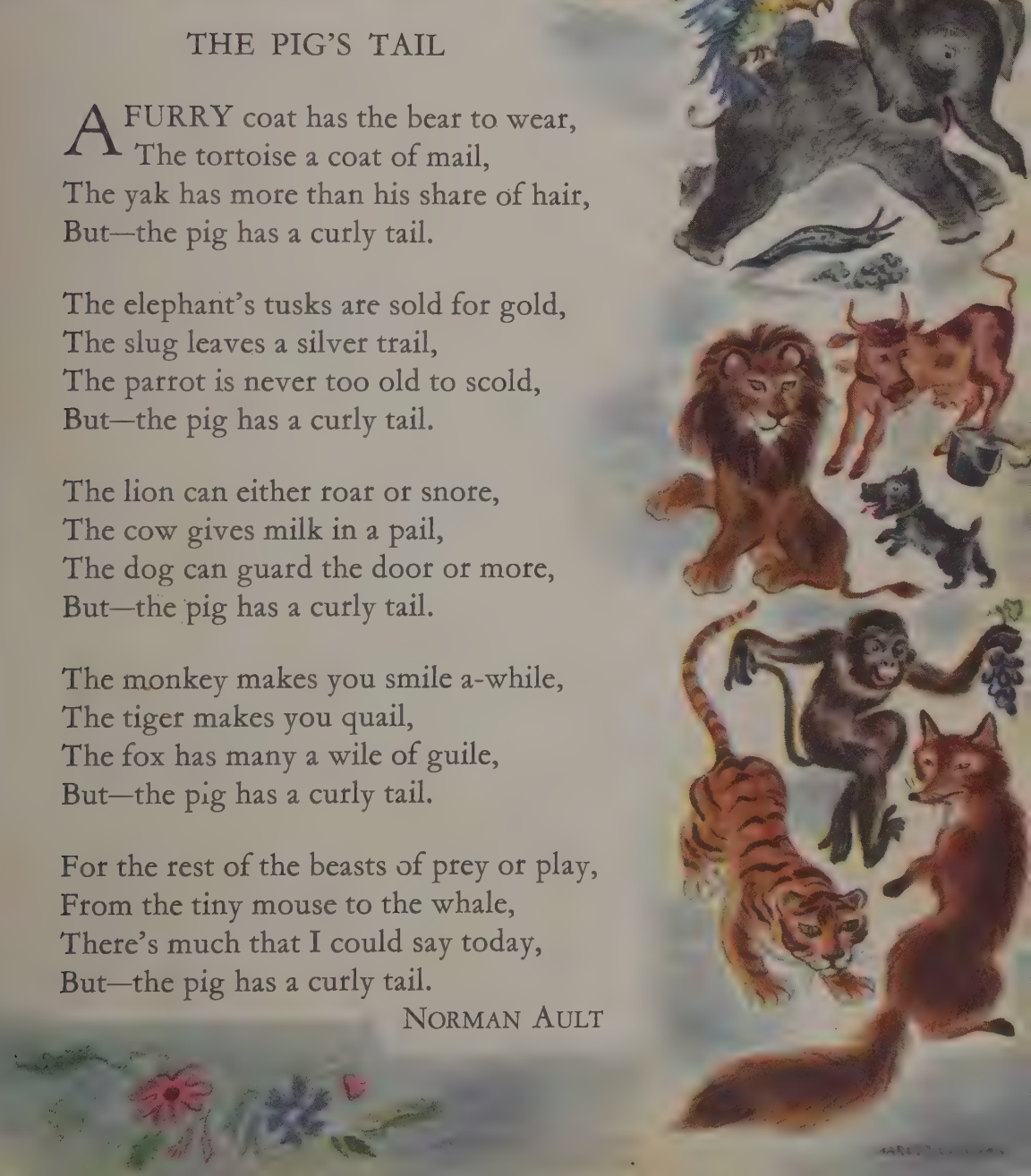
The elephant's tusks are sold for gold,
The slug leaves a silver trail,
The parrot is never too old to scold,
But—the pig has a curly tail.

The lion can either roar or snore,
The cow gives milk in a pail,
The dog can guard the door or more,
But—the pig has a curly tail.

The monkey makes you smile a-while,
The tiger makes you quail,
The fox has many a wile of guile,
But—the pig has a curly tail.

For the rest of the beasts of prey or play,
From the tiny mouse to the whale,
There's much that I could say today,
But—the pig has a curly tail.

NORMAN AULT



WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE CRICKET

AND when the rain had gone away
And it was shining everywhere,
I ran out on the walk to play
And found a little bug was there.

And he was running just as fast
As any little bug could run,
Until he stopped for breath at last,
All black and shiny in the sun.

And then he chirped a song to me
And gave his wings a little tug,
And *that's* the way he showed that he
Was very glad to be a bug!

MARJORIE BARROWS

MRS. PECK-PIGEON

MRS. Peck-Pigeon
Is picking for bread,
Bob—bob—bob
Goes her little round head.
Tame as a pussy cat
In the street,
Step—step—step
Go her little red feet.
With her little red feet
And her little round head,
Mrs. Peck-Pigeon
Goes picking for bread.

ELEANOR FARJEON

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE

THE CITY mouse lives in a house;
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;
The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
Poor little timid furry man.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE HOUSE OF THE MOUSE

THE HOUSE of the mouse
is a wee little house,
a green little house in the grass,
which big clumsy folk
may hunt and may poke
and still never see as they pass
this sweet little, neat little,
wee little, green little,
cuddle-down hide-away
house in the grass.

LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL

©Walt Disney Productions

FUZZY WUZZY, CREEPY CRAWLY

FUZZY wuzzy, creepy crawly
Caterpillar funny,
You will be a butterfly
When the days are sunny.

Winging, flinging, dancing, springing
Butterfly so yellow,
You were once a caterpillar,
Wiggly, wiggly fellow.

LILLIAN SCHULZ

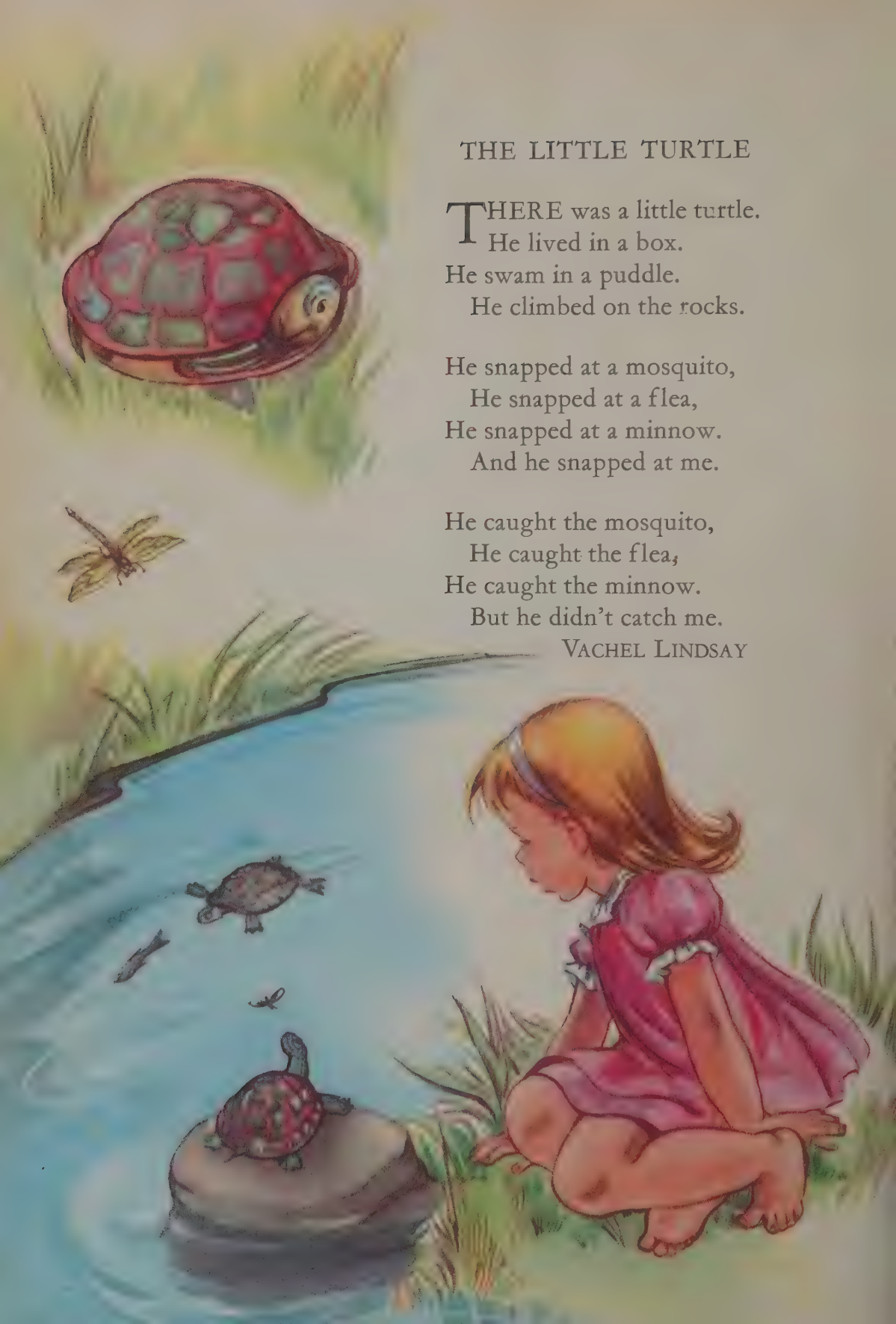
LITTLE BLACK BUG

LITTLE black bug,
Little black bug,
Where have you been?
I've been under the rug,
Said little black bug.
Bug-ug-ug-ug.

Little green fly,
Little green fly,
Where have you been?
I've been way up high,
Said little green fly.
Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

Little old mouse,
Little old mouse,
Where have you been?
I've been all through the house,
Said little old mouse.
Squeak-eak-eak-eak-eak.

MARGARET WISE BROWN



THE LITTLE TURTLE

THERE was a little turtle.
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito,
He snapped at a flea,
He snapped at a minnow.
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito,
He caught the flea,
He caught the minnow.
But he didn't catch me.

VACHEL LINDSAY

AN EXPLANATION OF THE GRASSHOPPER

THE Grasshopper, the Grasshopper,
I will explain to you:—
He is the Brownies' racehorse,
The Fairies' Kangaroo.

VACHEL LINDSAY

THE FROG

BE kind and tender to the Frog,
And do not call him names,
As "Slimy-skin," or "Polly-wog,"
Or likewise "Uncle James,"
Or "Gape-a-grin,"
or "Toad-gone-wrong,"
Or "Billy Bandy-knees":
The Frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay
A treatment kind and fair,
At least, so lonely people say
Who keep a Frog (and, by the way,
They are extremely rare).

HILAIRE BELLOC

FIREFLY

A Song

A LITTLE light is going by,
Is going up to see the sky,
A little light with wings.

I never could have thought of it,
To have a little bug all lit
And made to go on wings.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

OTHERWISE

THERE must be magic,
Otherwise,
How could day turn to night,

And how could sailboats,
Otherwise,
Go sailing out of sight,

And how could peanuts,
Otherwise,
Be covered up so tight?

AILEEN FISHER

THE WOODPECKER

THE woodpecker pecked out a little round hole
And made him a house in the telephone pole.
One day when I watched he poked out his head,
And he had on a hood and a collar of red.

When the streams of rain pour out of the sky,
And the sparkles of lightning go flashing by,
And the big, big wheels of thunder roll,
He can snuggle back in the telephone pole.

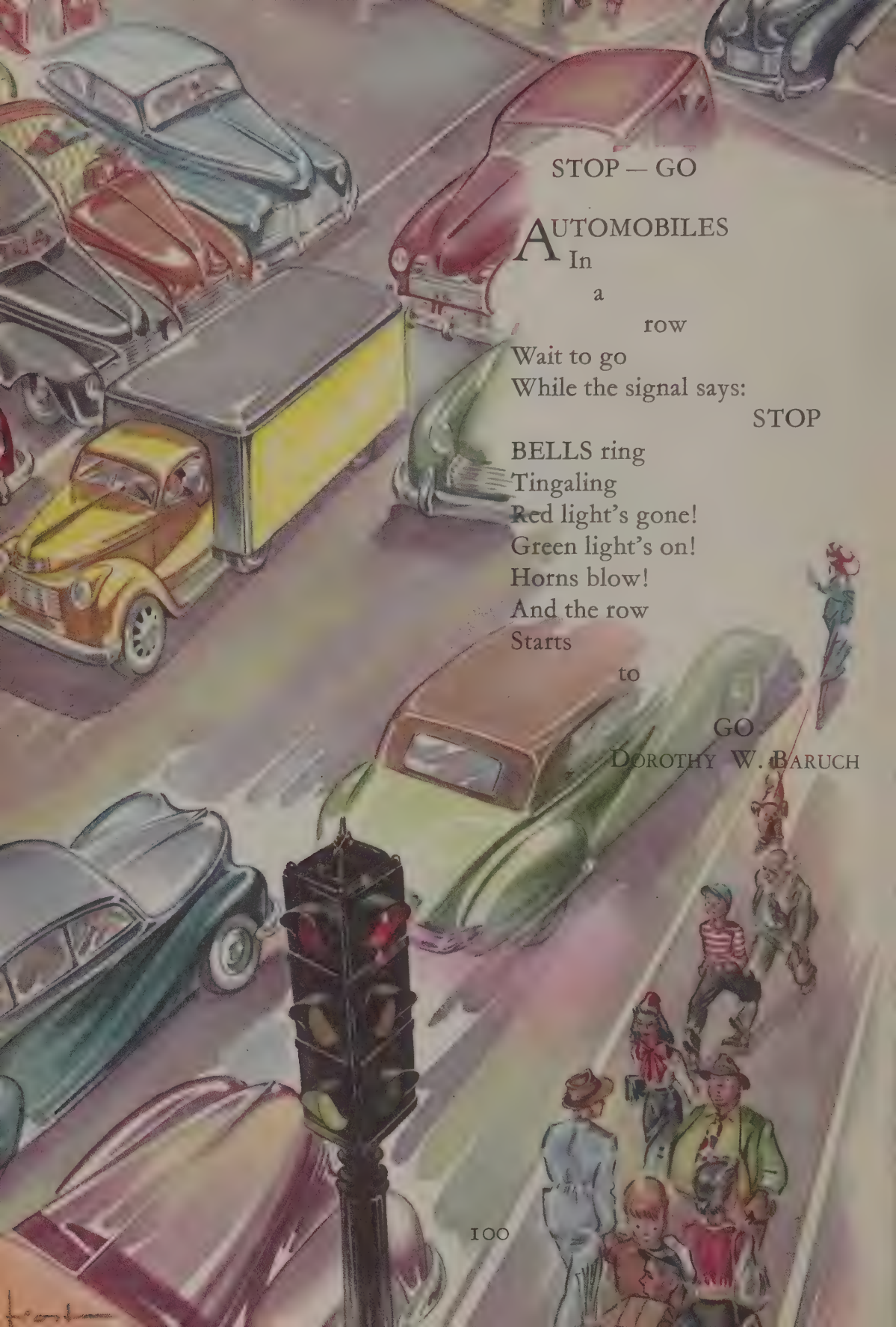
ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

SMALL HOMES

THE green bug sleeps in the white lily ear.
The red bug sleeps in the white magnolia.
Shiny wings, you are choosers of color.
You have taken your summer bungalows wisely.

CARL SANDBURG

Priscilla Pointer

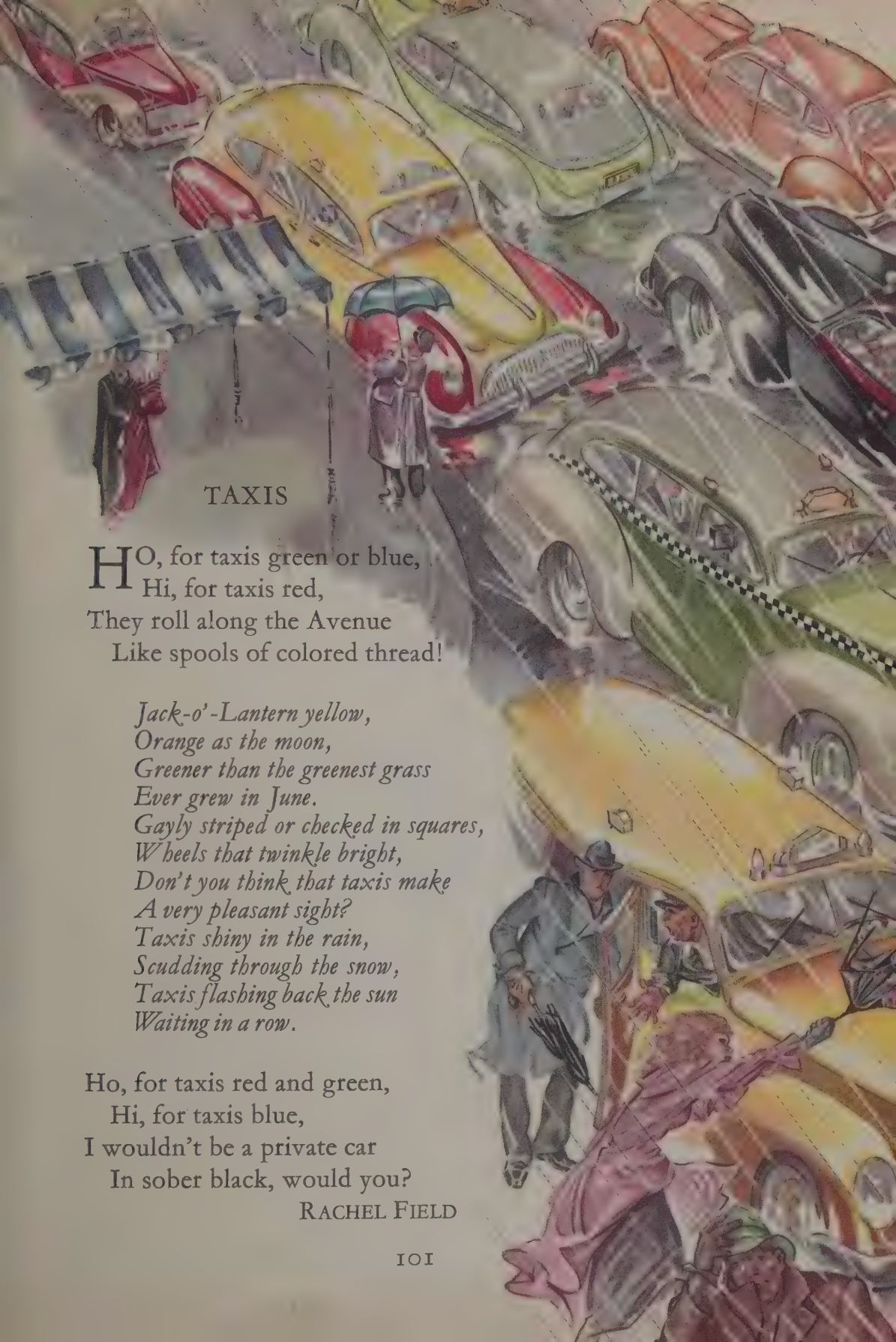


STOP — GO

AUTOMOBILES
In
a
row
Wait to go
While the signal says:
STOP

BELLS ring
Tingaling
Red light's gone!
Green light's on!
Horns blow!
And the row
Starts
to
GO

DOROTHY W. BARUCH



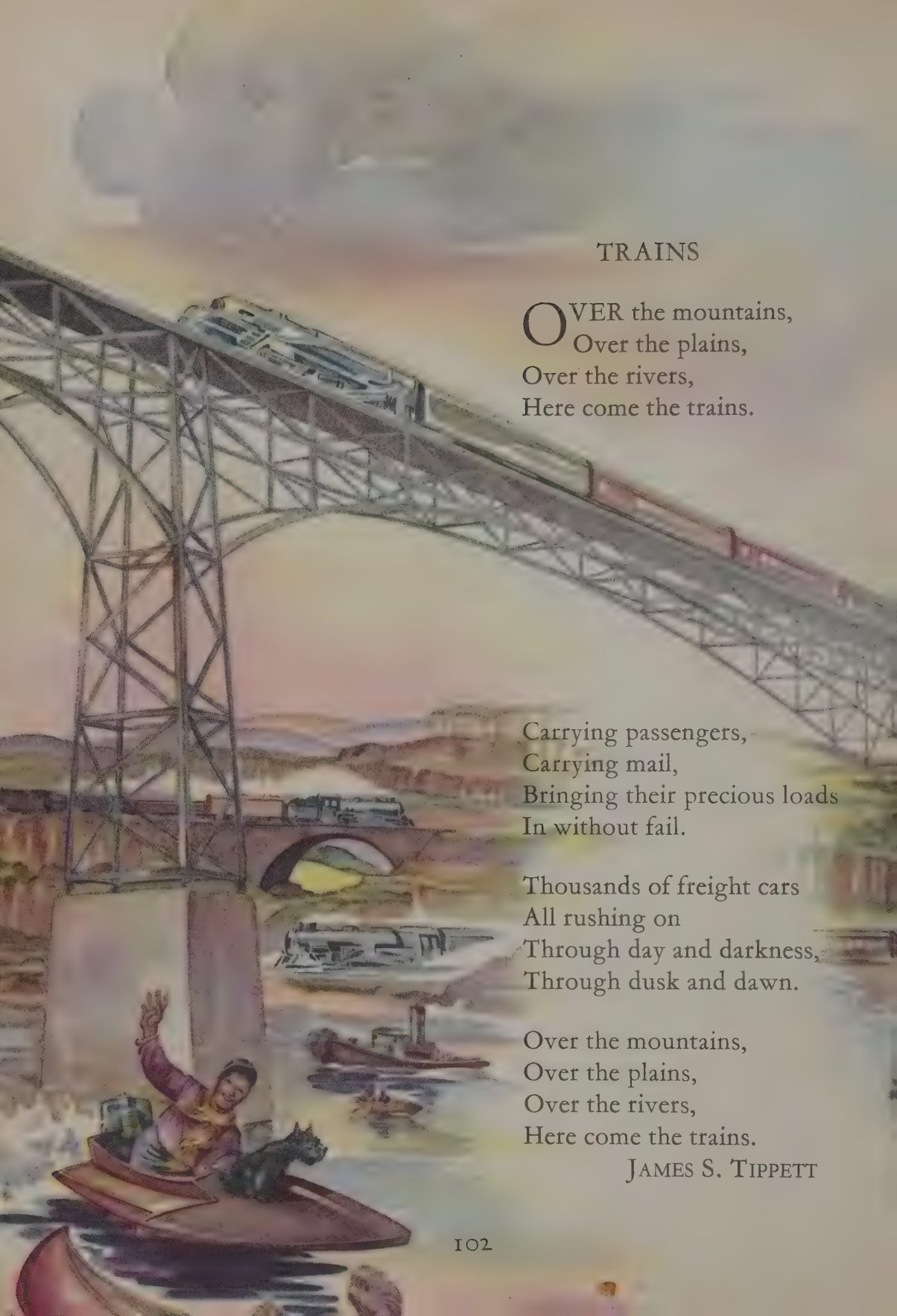
TAXIS

HO, for taxis green or blue,
Hi, for taxis red,
They roll along the Avenue
Like spools of colored thread!

Jack-o'-Lantern yellow,
Orange as the moon,
Greener than the greenest grass
Ever grew in June.
Gayly striped or checked in squares,
Wheels that twinkle bright,
Don't you think that taxis make
A very pleasant sight?
Taxis shiny in the rain,
Scudding through the snow,
Taxis flashing back the sun
Waiting in a row.

Ho, for taxis red and green,
Hi, for taxis blue,
I wouldn't be a private car
In sober black, would you?

RACHEL FIELD



TRAINS

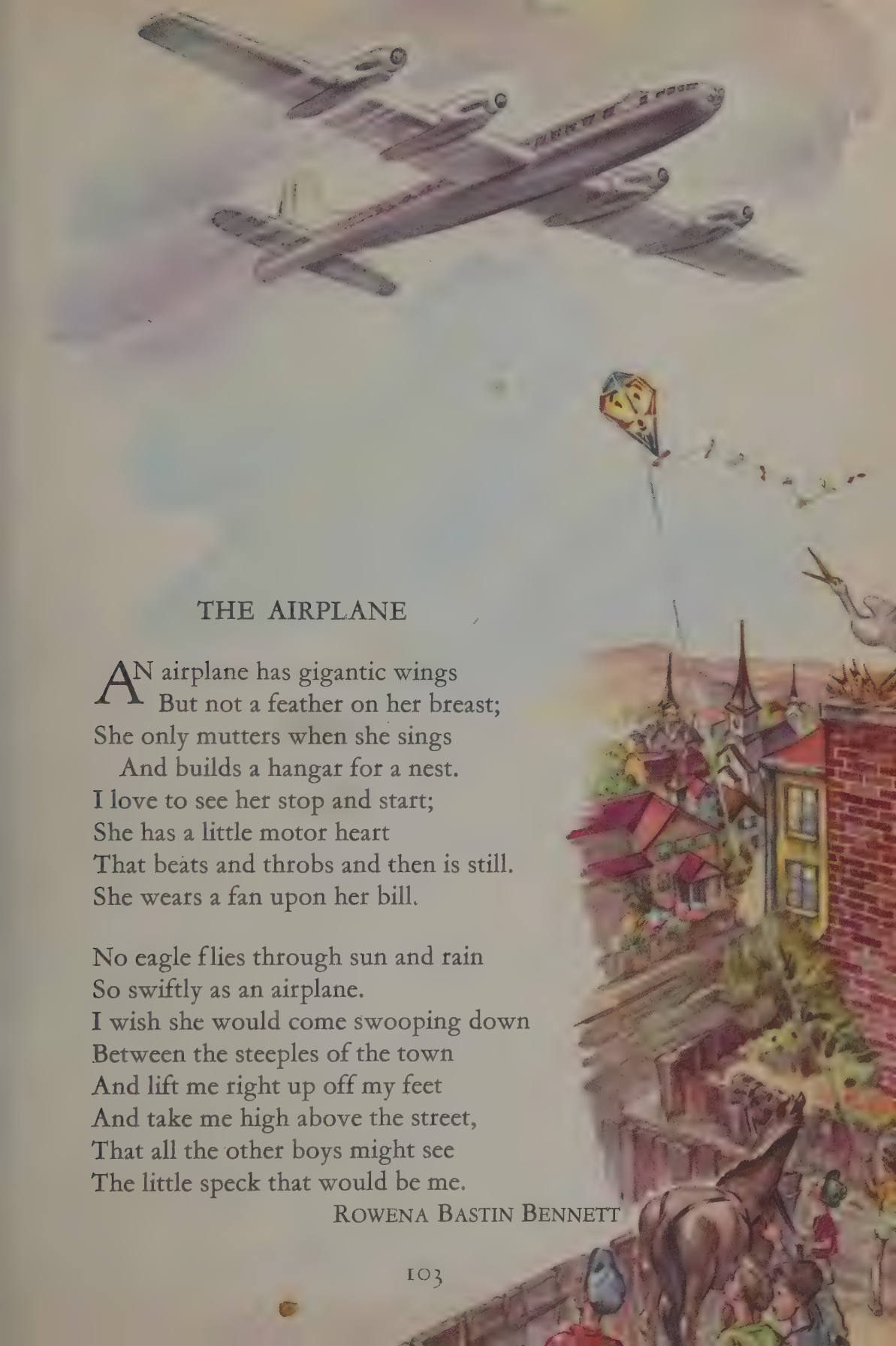
OVER the mountains,
Over the plains,
Over the rivers,
Here come the trains.

Carrying passengers,
Carrying mail,
Bringing their precious loads
In without fail.

Thousands of freight cars
All rushing on
Through day and darkness,
Through dusk and dawn.

Over the mountains,
Over the plains,
Over the rivers,
Here come the trains.

JAMES S. TIPPETT

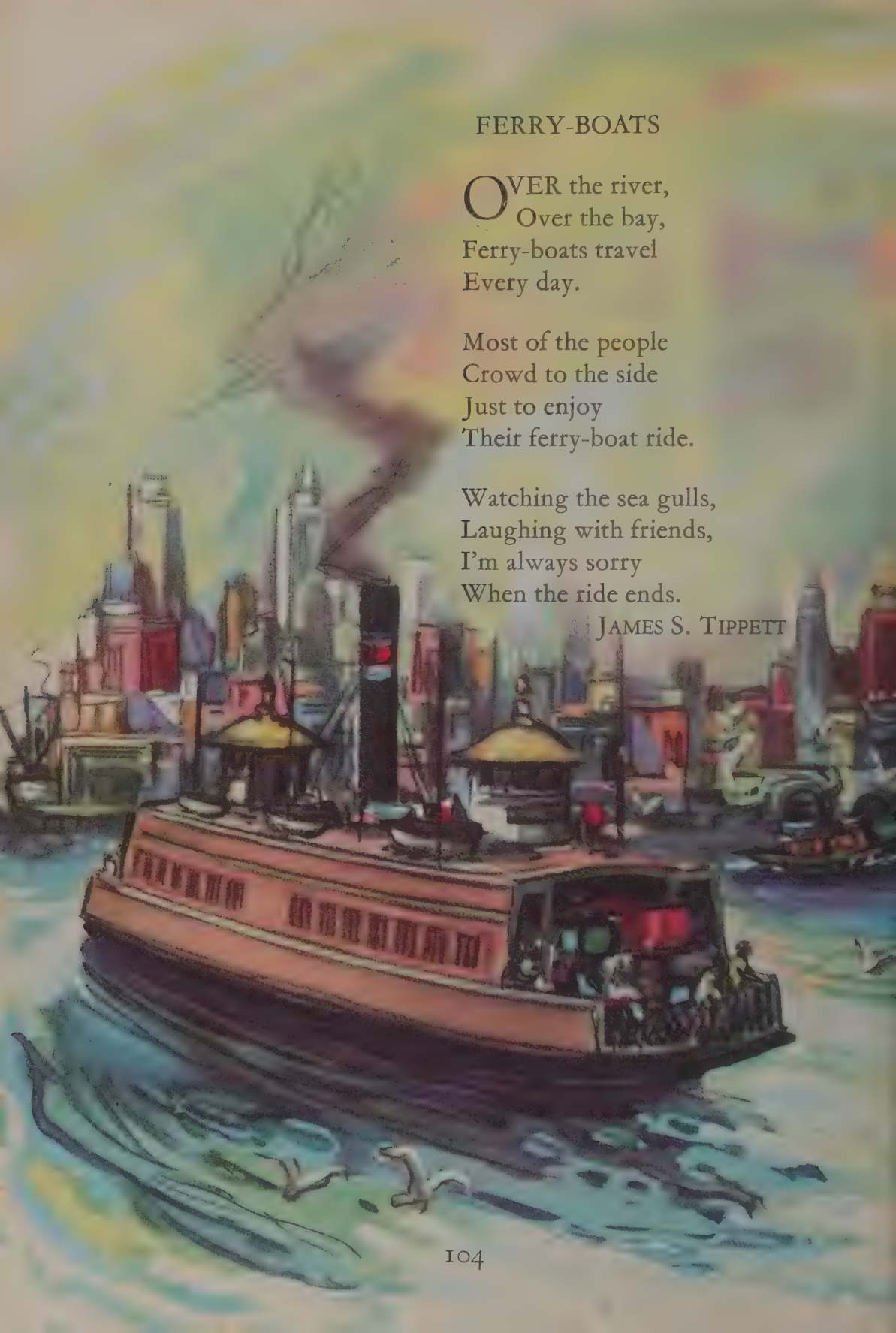


THE AIRPLANE

AN airplane has gigantic wings
But not a feather on her breast;
She only mutters when she sings
And builds a hangar for a nest.
I love to see her stop and start;
She has a little motor heart
That beats and throbs and then is still.
She wears a fan upon her bill.

No eagle flies through sun and rain
So swiftly as an airplane.
I wish she would come swooping down
Between the steeples of the town
And lift me right up off my feet
And take me high above the street,
That all the other boys might see
The little speck that would be me.

ROWENA BASTIN BENNETT



FERRY-BOATS

OVER the river,
Over the bay,
Ferry-boats travel
Every day.

Most of the people
Crowd to the side
Just to enjoy
Their ferry-boat ride.

Watching the sea gulls,
Laughing with friends,
I'm always sorry
When the ride ends.

JAMES S. TIPPETT

BOATS

THE steamboat is a slowpoke,
You simply cannot rush him.
The sailboat will not move at all
Without a wind to push him;

But the speed boat, with his sharp red nose,
Is quite a different kind;
He tosses high the spray and leaves
The other boats behind.

ROWENA BASTIN BENNETT

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

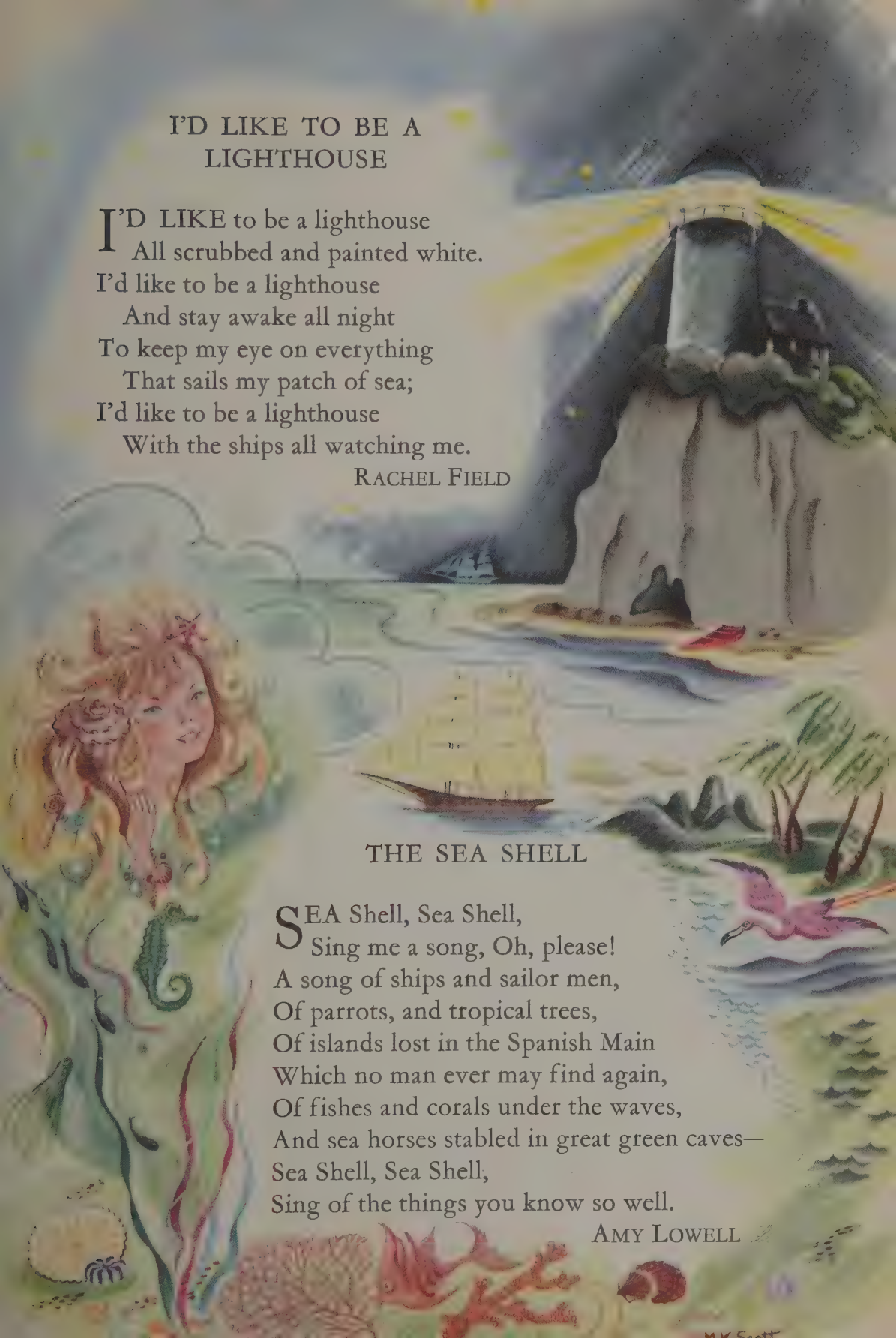
DARK brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



I'D LIKE TO BE A LIGHTHOUSE

I'D LIKE to be a lighthouse
All scrubbed and painted white.
I'd like to be a lighthouse
And stay awake all night
To keep my eye on everything
That sails my patch of sea;
I'd like to be a lighthouse
With the ships all watching me.

RACHEL FIELD

THE SEA SHELL

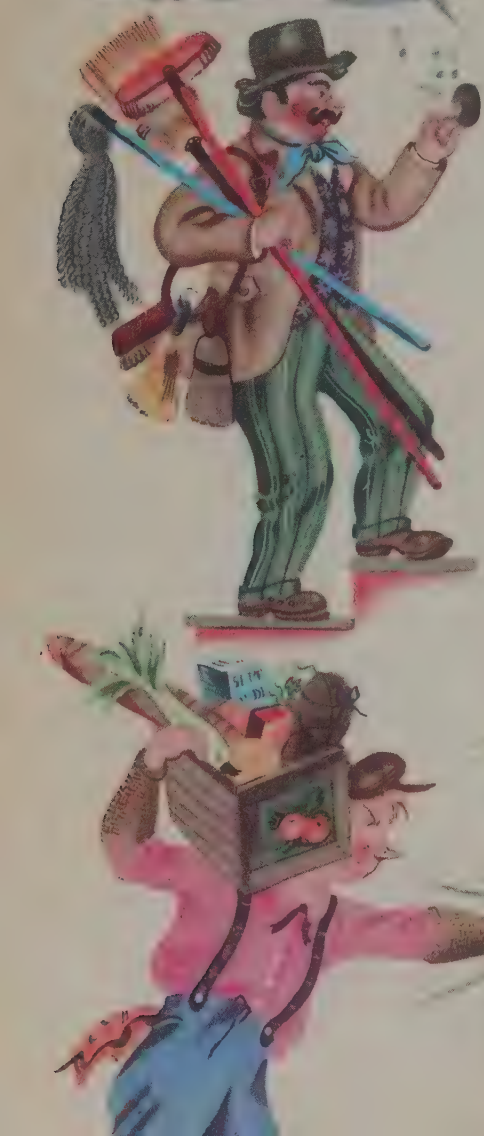
SEA Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, Oh, please!
A song of ships and sailor men,
Of parrots, and tropical trees,
Of islands lost in the Spanish Main
Which no man ever may find again,
Of fishes and corals under the waves,
And sea horses stabled in great green caves—
Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing of the things you know so well.

AMY LOWELL

DOORBELLS

YOU never know with a doorbell
Who may be ringing it—
It may be Great-Aunt Cynthia
To spend the day and knit;
It may be a peddler with things to sell
(I'll buy some when I'm older),
Or the grocer's boy with his apron on
And a basket on his shoulder;
It may be the old umbrella-man
Giving his queer, cracked call,
Or a lady dressed in rustly silk,
With card-case and parasol.
Doorbells are like a magic game,
Or the grab-bag at a fair—
You never know when you hear one ring
Who may be waiting there!

RACHEL FIELD

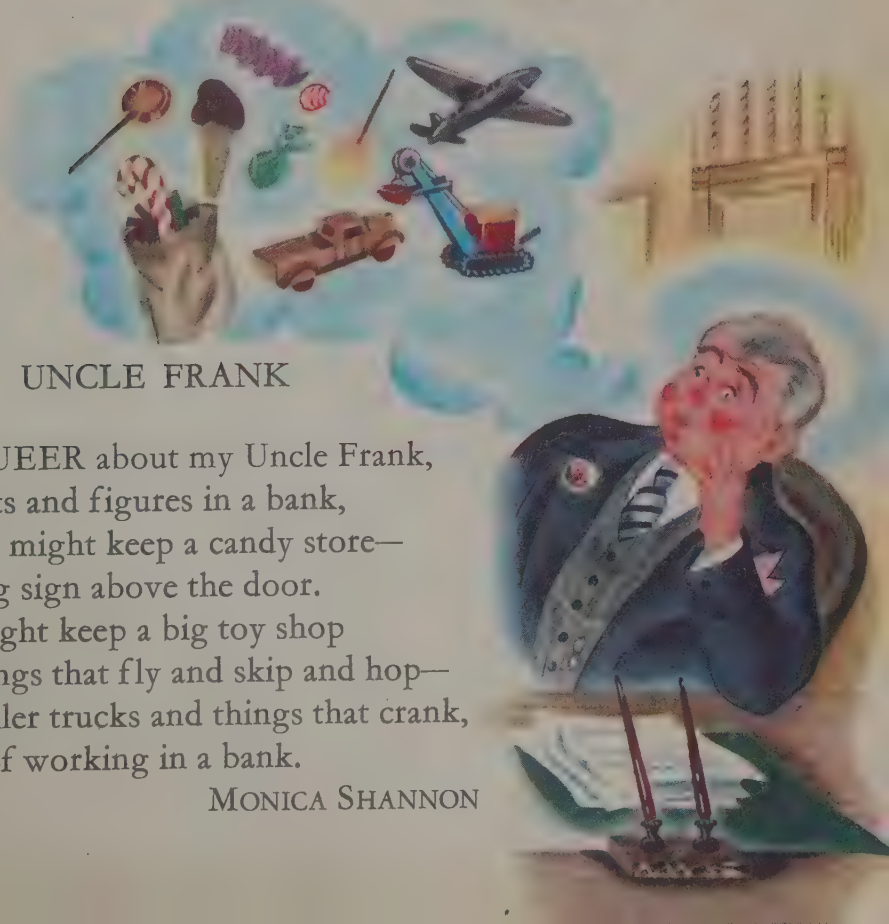


THE COBBLER

CROOKED heels
And scuffy toes
Are all the kinds
Of shoes he knows.

He patches up
The broken places,
Sews the seams
And shines their faces.

ELEANOR A. CHAFFEE



UNCLE FRANK

IT'S QUEER about my Uncle Frank,
He sits and figures in a bank,
When he might keep a candy store—
A shining sign above the door.
Or he might keep a big toy shop
With things that fly and skip and hop—
With trailer trucks and things that crank,
Instead of working in a bank.

MONICA SHANNON

THE ICE-CREAM MAN

WHEN summer's in the city,
And brick's a blaze of heat,
The Ice-Cream Man with his little cart
Goes trundling down the street.

Beneath his round umbrella,
Oh, what a joyful sight,
To see him fill the cones with mounds
Of cooling brown or white:

Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry,
Or chilly things to drink
From bottles full of frosty-fizz,
Green, orange, white, or pink.

His cart might be a flower bed
Of roses and sweet peas,
The way the children cluster round
As thick as honeybees.

RACHEL FIELD

THE BALLOON MAN

HE always comes on market days,
And holds balloons—a lovely bunch—
And in the market square he stays,
And never seems to think of lunch.

They're red and purple, blue and green,
And when it is a sunny day
Tho' carts and people get between
You see them shining far away.

And some are big and some are small,
All tied together with a string,
And if there is a wind at all
They tug and tug like everything.

Some day perhaps he'll let them go
And we shall see them sailing high,
And stand and watch them from below—
They *would* look pretty in the sky!

ROSE FYLEMAN

THE LITTLE MUFFIN MAN

WHO is it that comes with a tinkle and a winkle,
Who is it that comes with a ding dong ding?
Oh, I'm the little muffin man,
The crumpet and the cruffin man,
Who comes to give you notice with my ting-a-ling ling.

And where are you going with your tinkle and your winkle,
Where are you going with your ding dong ding?
I'm going by the highway,
The low way and the byway,
With my muffins and my cruffins and my ting-a-ling ling.

And what is a cruffin, with your tinkle and your winkle,
What is a cruffin, with your ding dong ding?
The cruffin I impart
Is a bonkleberry tart,
And they're seven for eleven, with my ting-a-ling ling.

Will you take me along, with your tinkle and your winkle,
Will you take me along with your ding dong ding?
If you'll put your rubber boots on,
And the smartest of your suits on,
We may toddle on together, with our ting-a-ling ling.

Will you sing me a song, with your tinkle and your winkle,
Will you sing me a song, with your ding dong ding?
Though I'm neither wise nor witty,
Still I think it is apity,
If I can't scare up a ditty, with my ting-a-ling ling.

Then it's hop, hip, hop, with our tinkle and our winkle,
And it's flop, flip, flop, with our ding dong ding!
With our ringing and our dinging,
And our muffy-cruffy flinging,
Down the road we'll go a-swinging, with our ting-a-ling ling.

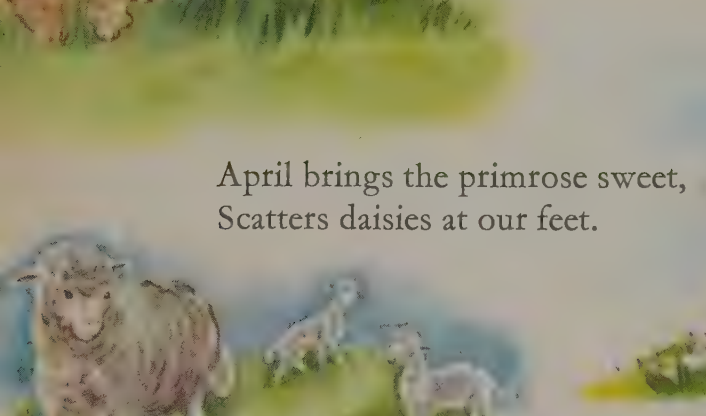
LAURA E. RICHARDS

THE MONTHS

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

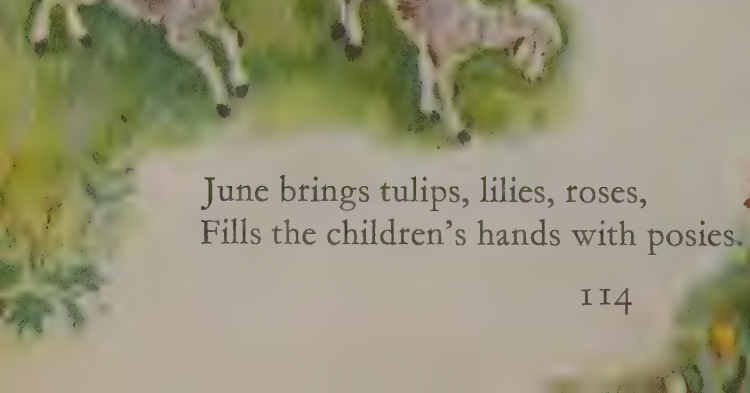
February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.



April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.



June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

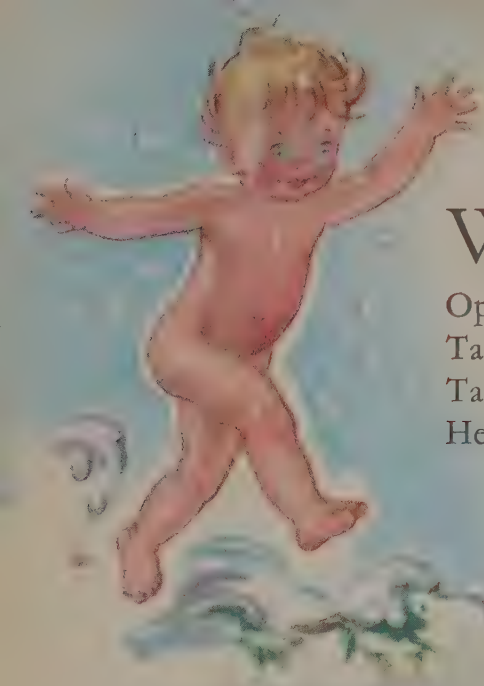
Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

SARA COLERIDGE

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap year; that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.



THE NEW YEAR

WHO comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door though the wild winds blow,
Take the child in and make him cozy.
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful glad New Year.

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK

THAW

THE snow is soft, and how it squashes!
"Galumph, galumph!" go my galoshes.

EUNICE TIETJENS

THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR

THE little girl who lives next door
Has hair of fluffy brown;
And when she walks beside me
The curls bounce up and down.

Her eyes have twinkles in them,
They're dancing all the while;
And when she speaks to me, I see
The dimples in her smile.

Her leggings button at the side,
She has a coat with fur;
And one day when it snowed, I put
Her rubbers onto her.

I'm saving all my pennies now
To buy her something fine;
I saw it in a window—
It's a fancy Valentine.

It's made of hearts and paper lace,
It costs a dime or more.
But nothing is too fine to give
The little girl next door!

HELEN WING

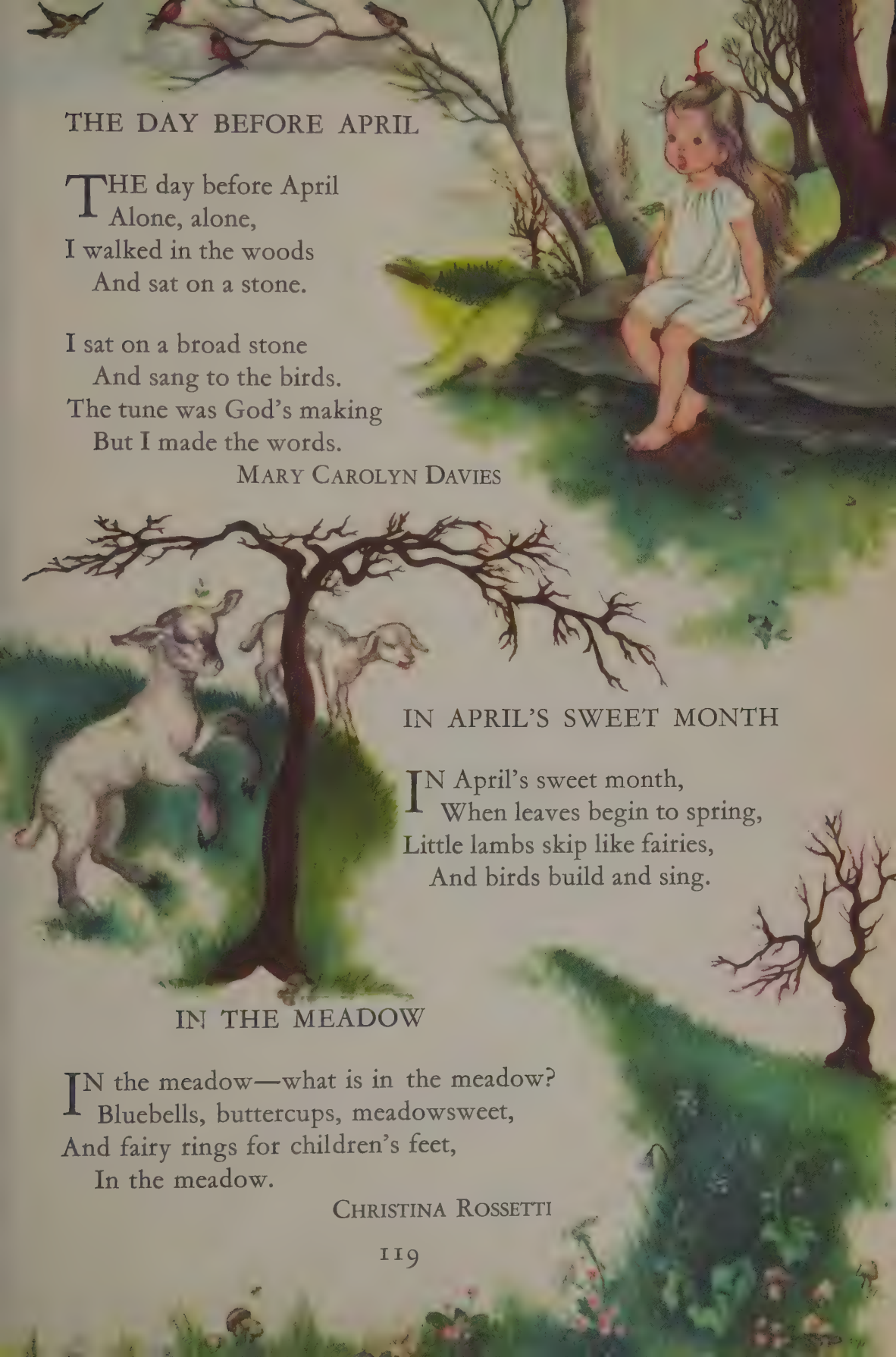
SPRING

SOUND the flute!
Now 'tis mute;
Birds delight
Day and night;
Nightingale
In the dale,
Lark in the sky—
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little boy,
Full of joy;
Little girl,
Sweet and small;
Cock does crow
So do you;
Merry voice,
Infant noise;
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
Here I am;
Come and lick
My white neck;
Let me pull
Your soft wool;
Let me kiss
Your soft face;
Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

WILLIAM BLAKE



THE DAY BEFORE APRIL

THE day before April
Alone, alone,
I walked in the woods
And sat on a stone.

I sat on a broad stone
And sang to the birds.
The tune was God's making
But I made the words.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

IN APRIL'S SWEET MONTH

IN April's sweet month,
When leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs skip like fairies,
And birds build and sing.

IN THE MEADOW

IN the meadow—what is in the meadow?
Bluebells, buttercups, meadowsweet,
And fairy rings for children's feet,
In the meadow.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE WILLOW CATS

THEY call them pussy willows,
But there's no cat to see
Except the little furry toes
That stick out on the tree.

I think that very long ago,
When I was just born new,
There must have been whole pussycats
Where just the toes stick through—

And every spring it worries me,
I cannot ever find
Those willow cats that ran away
And left their toes behind!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

DOWN A SUNNY EASTER MEADOW

DOWN a sunny Easter meadow
Went a rabbit, running sprightly;
With him went his skippy shadow.
Tag they played, and played it lightly.

All the robins in the meadow
Called to them as they jumped and scurried,
"Hurry, Bunny! Hurry, Shadow!
Easter's coming!"

And they hurried.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

APRIL

THE TULIPS now are pushing up
Like small green knuckles through the ground.
The grass is young and doubtful yet.
The robin takes a look around.
And if you listen you can hear
Spring laughing with a windy sound.

EUNICE TIETJENS

RAIN

THE rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY

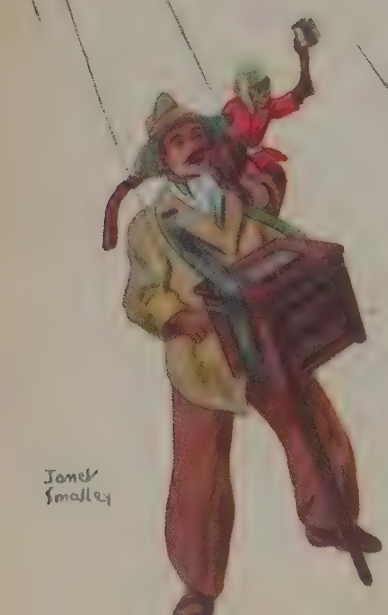
RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Little Johnny wants to play.

SINGING

OF speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

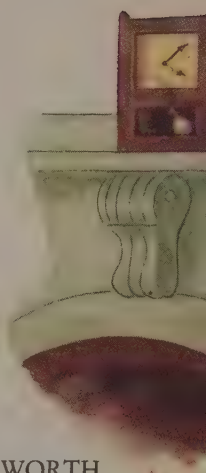


DOWN THE RAIN FALLS

DOWN the rain falls,
Up crackles the fire,
Tick-tock goes the clock
Neither lower nor higher—

Such soft little sounds
As sleepy hens make
When they talk to themselves
For company's sake.

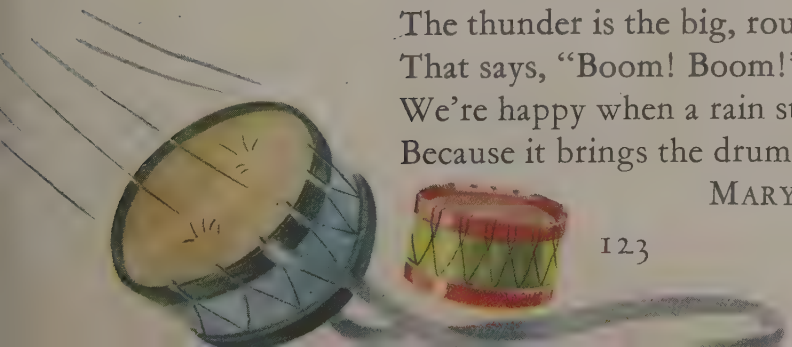
ELIZABETH COATSWORTH



DRUMS OF THE RAIN

THE drum is our big windowpane!
The drumsticks are the drops of rain!
"Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!
Boom! Boom! Boom!"
The drums, the drums are beating,
And filling all the room!
"Boom, boom, boom!
Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!
Boom!"
The snare drums are the raindrops
That rattle in the room;
The thunder is the big, round drum
That says, "Boom! Boom!"
We're happy when a rain storm comes,
Because it brings the drums, THE DRUMS!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES



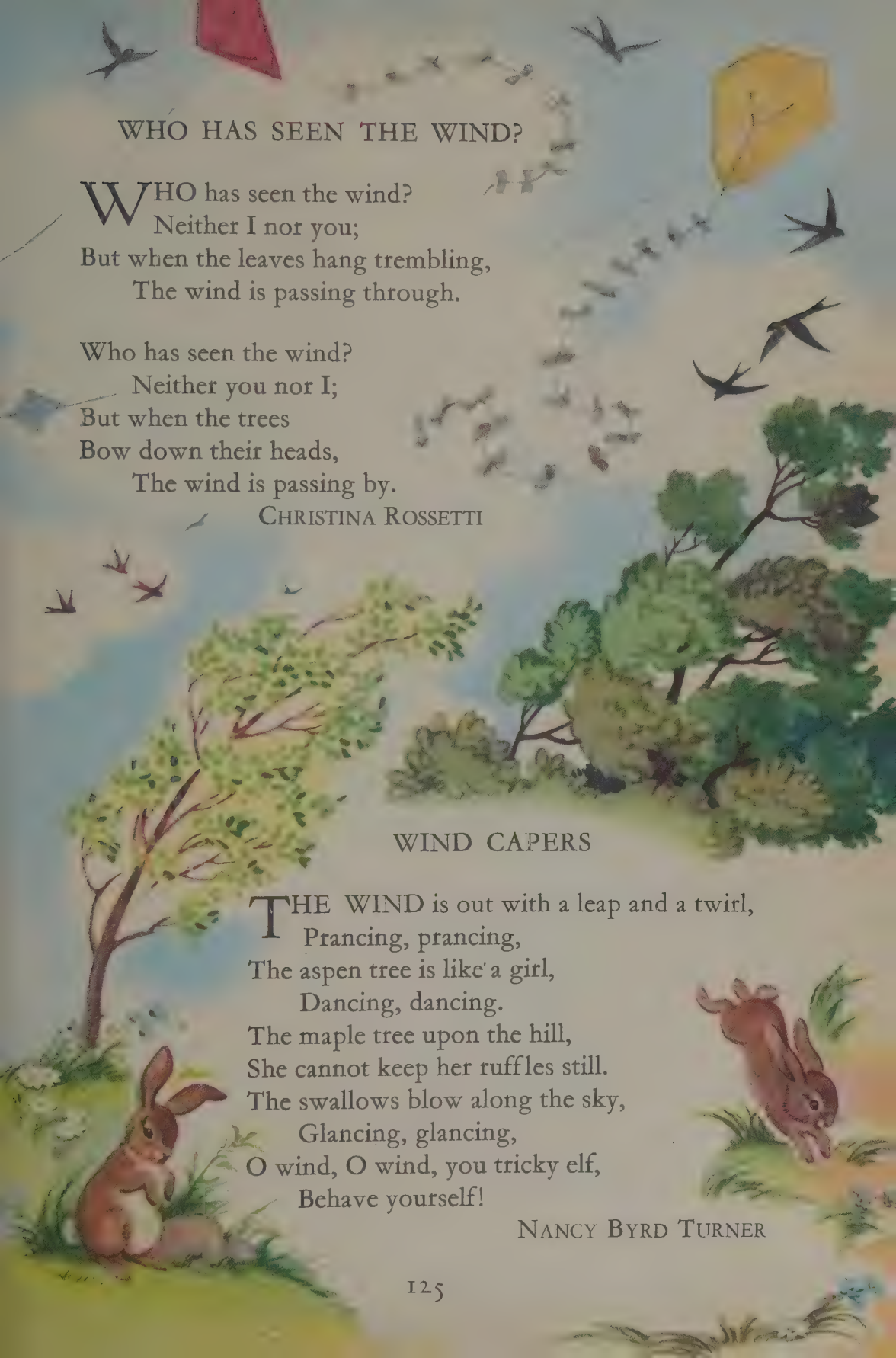
THE WIND

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

WHO has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees
Bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

WIND CAPERS

THE WIND is out with a leap and a twirl,
Prancing, prancing,
The aspen tree is like a girl,
Dancing, dancing.
The maple tree upon the hill,
She cannot keep her ruffles still.
The swallows blow along the sky,
Glancing, glancing,
O wind, O wind, you tricky elf,
Behave yourself!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

BROOMS

ON stormy days
When the wind is high
Tall trees are brooms
Sweeping the sky.

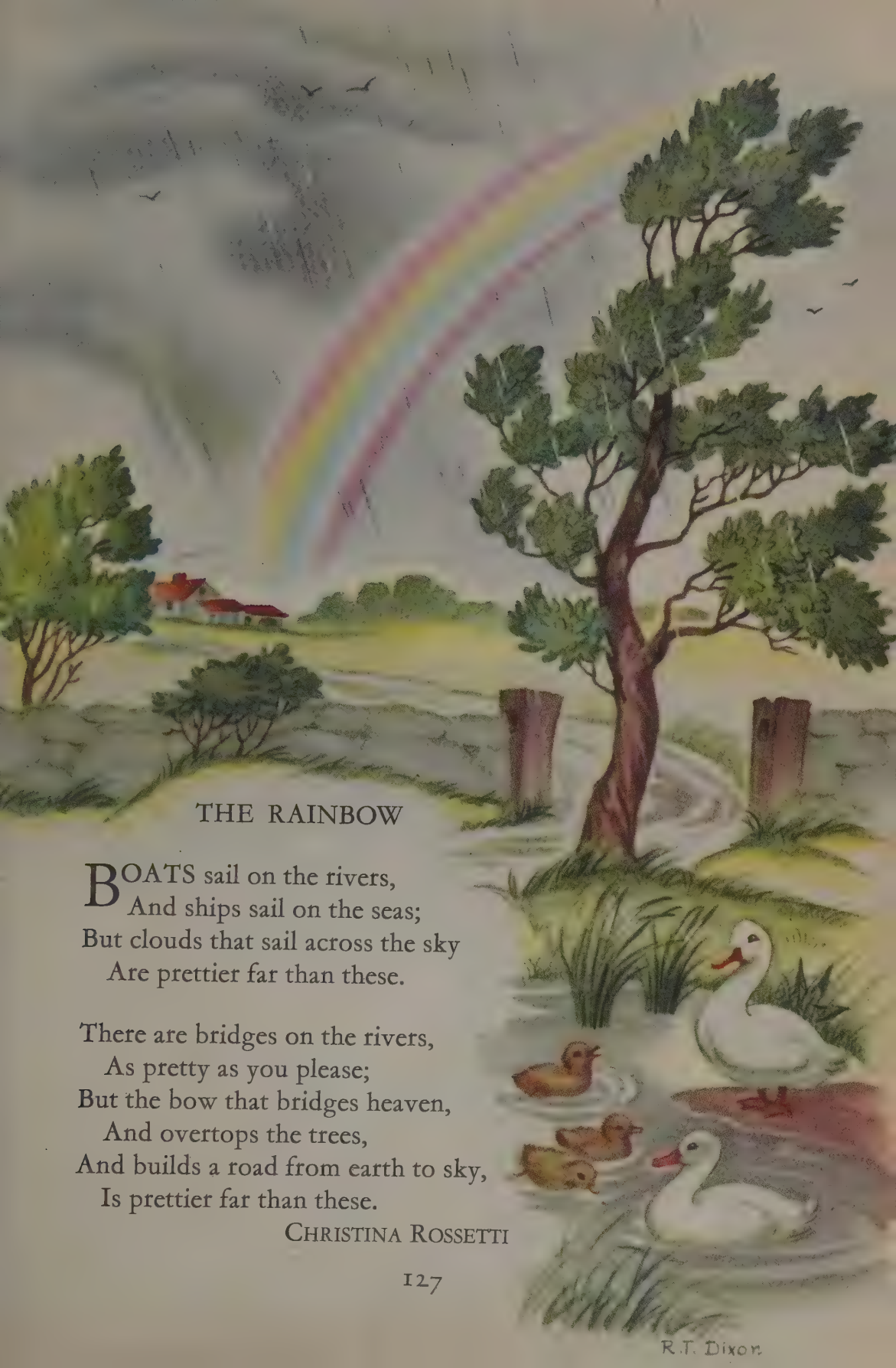
They swish their branches
In buckets of rain,
And swash and sweep it
Blue again.

DOROTHY ALDIS

CLOUDS

WHITE sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops
You all stand still.
When the wind blows
You walk away slow.
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



THE RAINBOW

BOATS sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

R.T. Dixon

BUDS

THE buds have come to town;
Demure and brown
Their coats; and, under, see,
How can such fragile, fairy colors be?

The buds have come to us
All tremulous.
We're quite as glad as they.
Take off your cloaks, dear little buds, and stay!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE CROCUS

THE golden crocus reaches up
To catch a sunbeam in her cup.

WALTER CRANE

ROUND THE MAY POLE NOW WE DANCE

ROUND the May Pole now we dance
(Over with blue, under with white),
Wind's in the ribbons, oh, see them lift!
Light's on the ribbons, oh, feel them shift!
While we braid overhead
Colors fair and bright!

Round the May Pole gay we move
(You with your ribbon, I with mine).
The colors cross and the pattern grows
(Over with red and under with rose),
On and on, till we're done.
See the tall pole shine!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

AN ARBOR DAY TREE

DEAR little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house,
The dressing room of the butterfly's ball,
The locust's and katydid's concert hall.
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon,
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

ON THE HILL

THE HILL was paved with buttercups
And roofed with birch and pine,
And far below, beyond the town,
I saw the river shine.

The sky was just above the trees
Where anyone could look.
The wind was turning pages
In a cloudland picture book.

MILDRED BOWERS ARMSTRONG

BAREFOOT DAYS

IN the morning, very early,
That's the time I love to go
Barefoot where the fern grows curly
And grass is cool between each toe,
On a summer morning—O!
On a summer morning!

That is when the birds go by
Up the sunny slopes of air,
And each rose has a butterfly
Or a golden bee to wear;
And I am glad in every toe—
Such a summer morning—O!
Such a summer morning!

RACHEL FIELD

THE SWING

HOW do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Esther Friend

A SWING SONG

SWING, swing,
Sing, sing,
Here's my throne, and I am a King!
Swing, sing,
Swing, sing,
Farewell, earth, for I'm on the wing!

Low, high,
Here I fly,
Like a bird through a sunny sky;
Free, free,
Over the lea,
Over the mountain, over the sea!

Up, down,
Up and down,
Which is the way to London Town?
Where, where?
Up in the air,
Close your eyes, and now you are there!

Soon, soon,
Afternoon,
Over the sunset, over the moon;
Far, far,
Over all bar,
Sweeping on from star to star!

No, no,
Low, low,
Sweeping daisies with my toe.
Slow, slow,
To and fro,
Slow—
Slow——
Slow———
Slow.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

THE LAMPLIGHTER

MY tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky.
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

AUTUMN DUSK

I SAW above a sea of hills
A solitary planet shine,
And there was no one near or far
To keep the world from being mine.

SARA TEASDALE

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

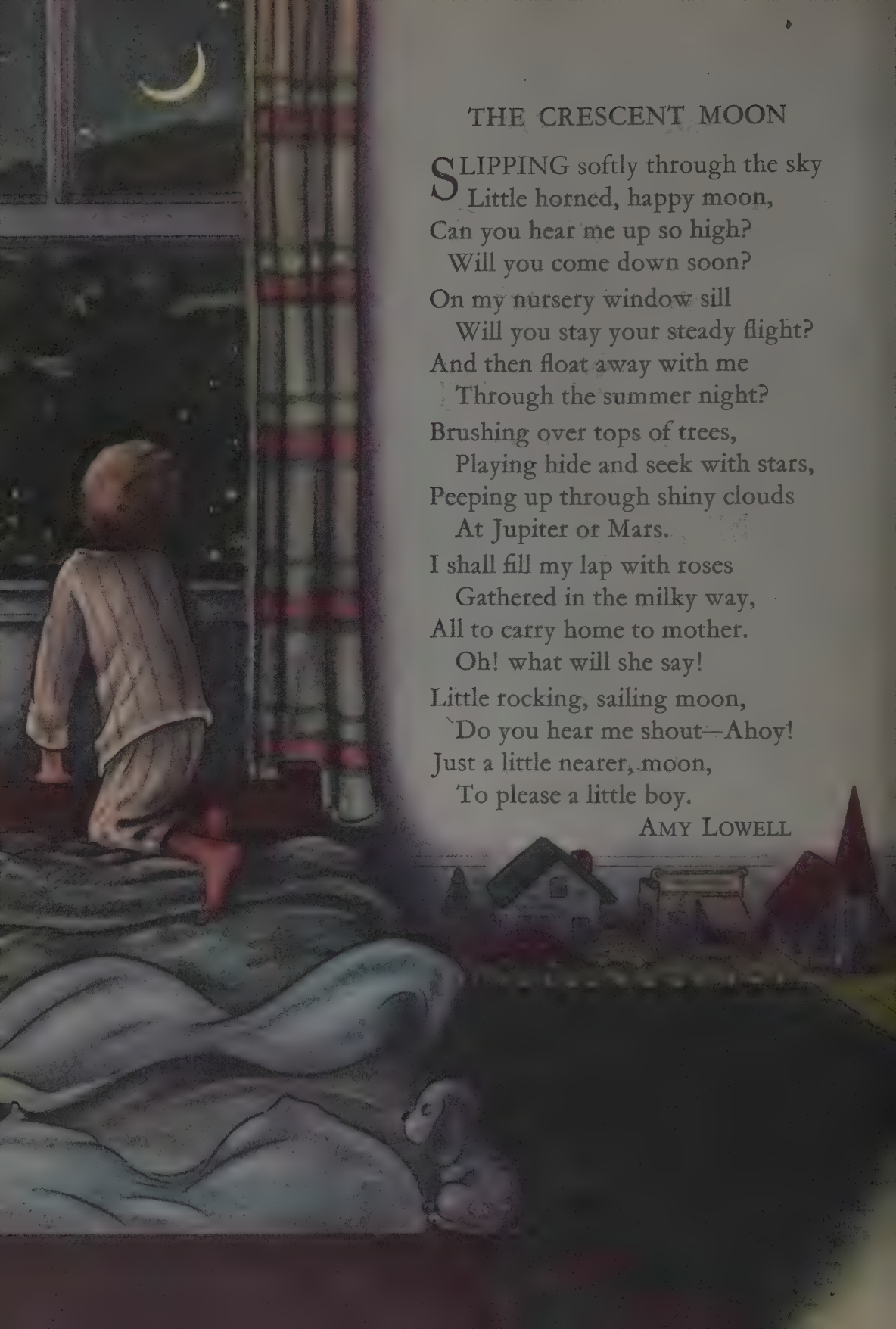
When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark!
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR



THE CRESCENT MOON

SLIPPING softly through the sky
Little horned, happy moon,
Can you hear me up so high?
Will you come down soon?
On my nursery window sill
Will you stay your steady flight?
And then float away with me
Through the summer night?
Brushing over tops of trees,
Playing hide and seek with stars,
Peeping up through shiny clouds
At Jupiter or Mars.
I shall fill my lap with roses
Gathered in the milky way,
All to carry home to mother.
Oh! what will she say!
Little rocking, sailing moon,
Do you hear me shout—Ahoy!
Just a little nearer, moon,
To please a little boy.

AMY LOWELL

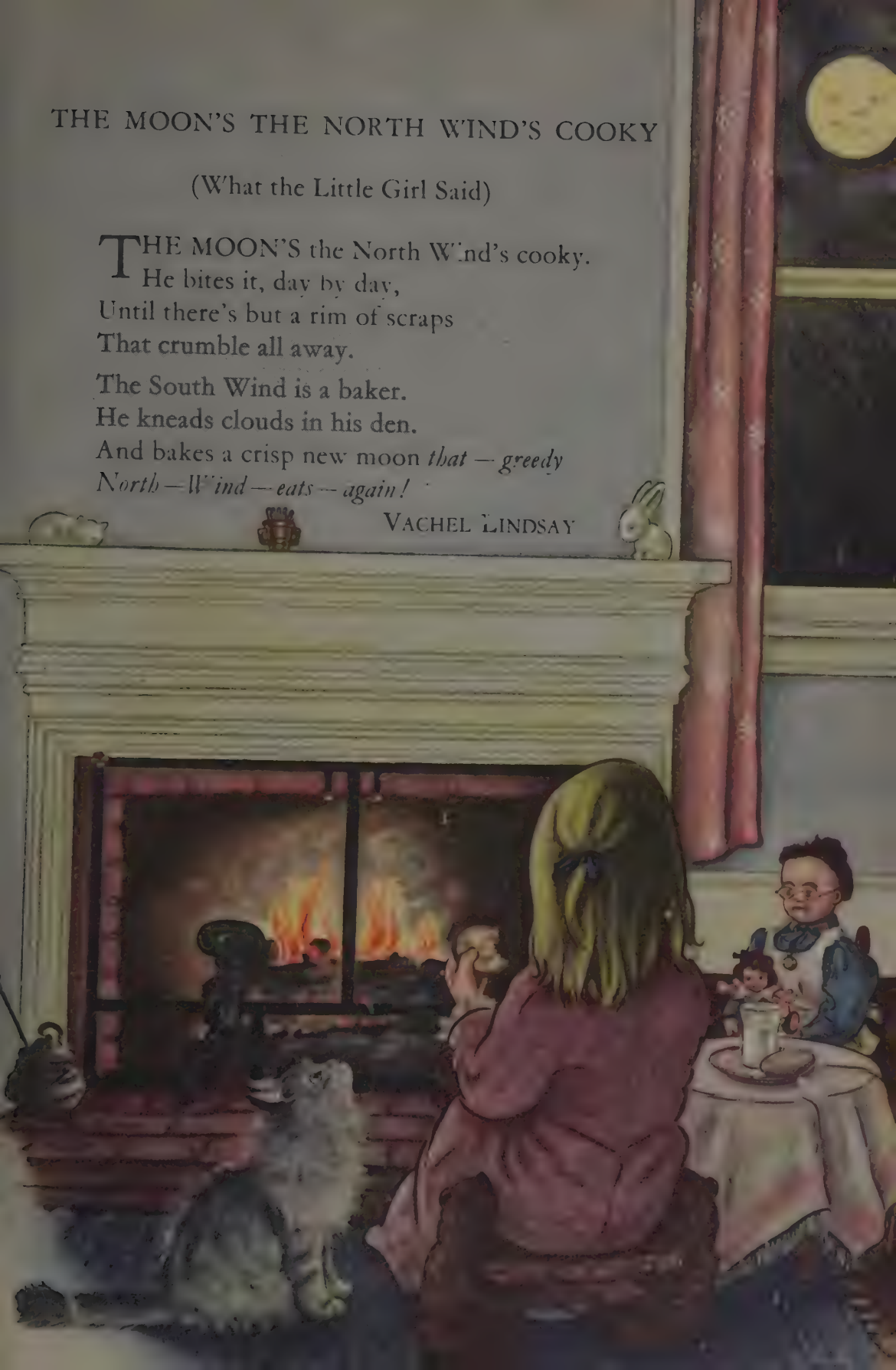
THE MOON'S THE NORTH WIND'S COOKY

(What the Little Girl Said)

THE MOON'S the North Wind's cooky.
He bites it, day by day,
Until there's but a rim of scraps
That crumble all away.

The South Wind is a baker.
He kneads clouds in his den.
And bakes a crisp new moon *that — greedy*
North — Wind — eats — again!

VACHEL LINDSAY



AUTUMN FIRES

IN the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

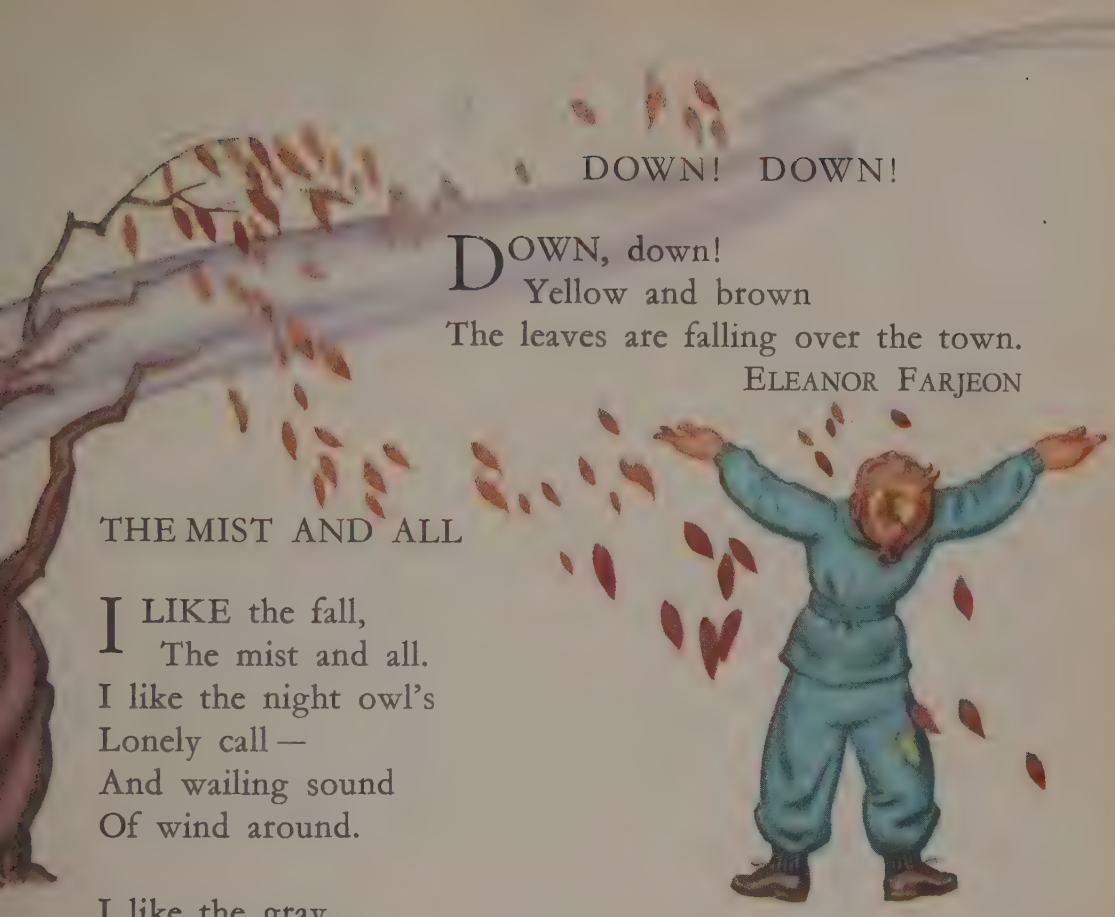
Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

DOWN! DOWN!

DOWN, down!
Yellow and brown
The leaves are falling over the town.

ELEANOR FARJEON



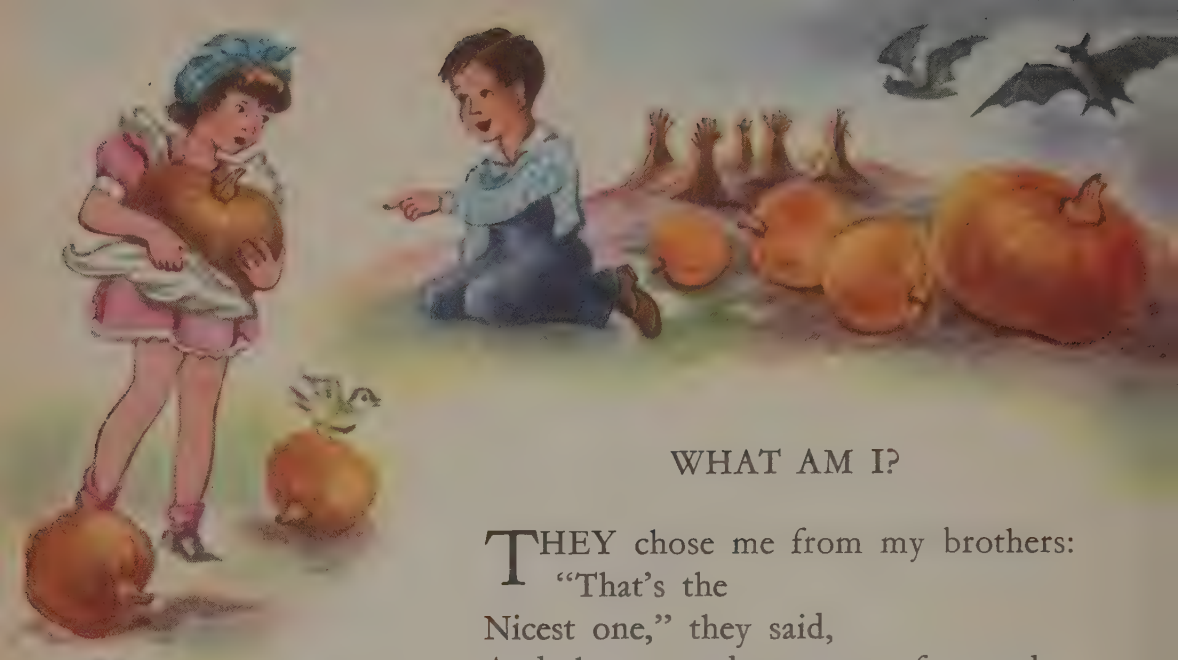
THE MIST AND ALL

I LIKE the fall,
The mist and all.
I like the night owl's
Lonely call —
And wailing sound
Of wind around.

I like the gray
November day,
And bare dead boughs
That coldly sway
Against my pane.
I like the rain.

I like to sit
And laugh at it —
And tend
My cozy fire a bit.
I like the fall —
The mist and all.

DIXIE WILLSON



WHAT AM I?

THEY chose me from my brothers:
"That's the
Nicest one," they said,
And they carved me out a face and
put a
Candle in my head;

And they set me on the doorstep. Oh,
the
Night was dark and wild;
But when they lit the candle, then I
Smiled!

DOROTHY ALDIS
Jack-o'-Lantern

BLACK AND GOLD

EVERYTHING is black and gold,
Black and gold, tonight:
Yellow pumpkins, yellow moon,
Yellow candlelight;

Jet-black cat with golden eyes,
Shadows black as ink,
Firelight blinking in the dark
With a yellow blink.

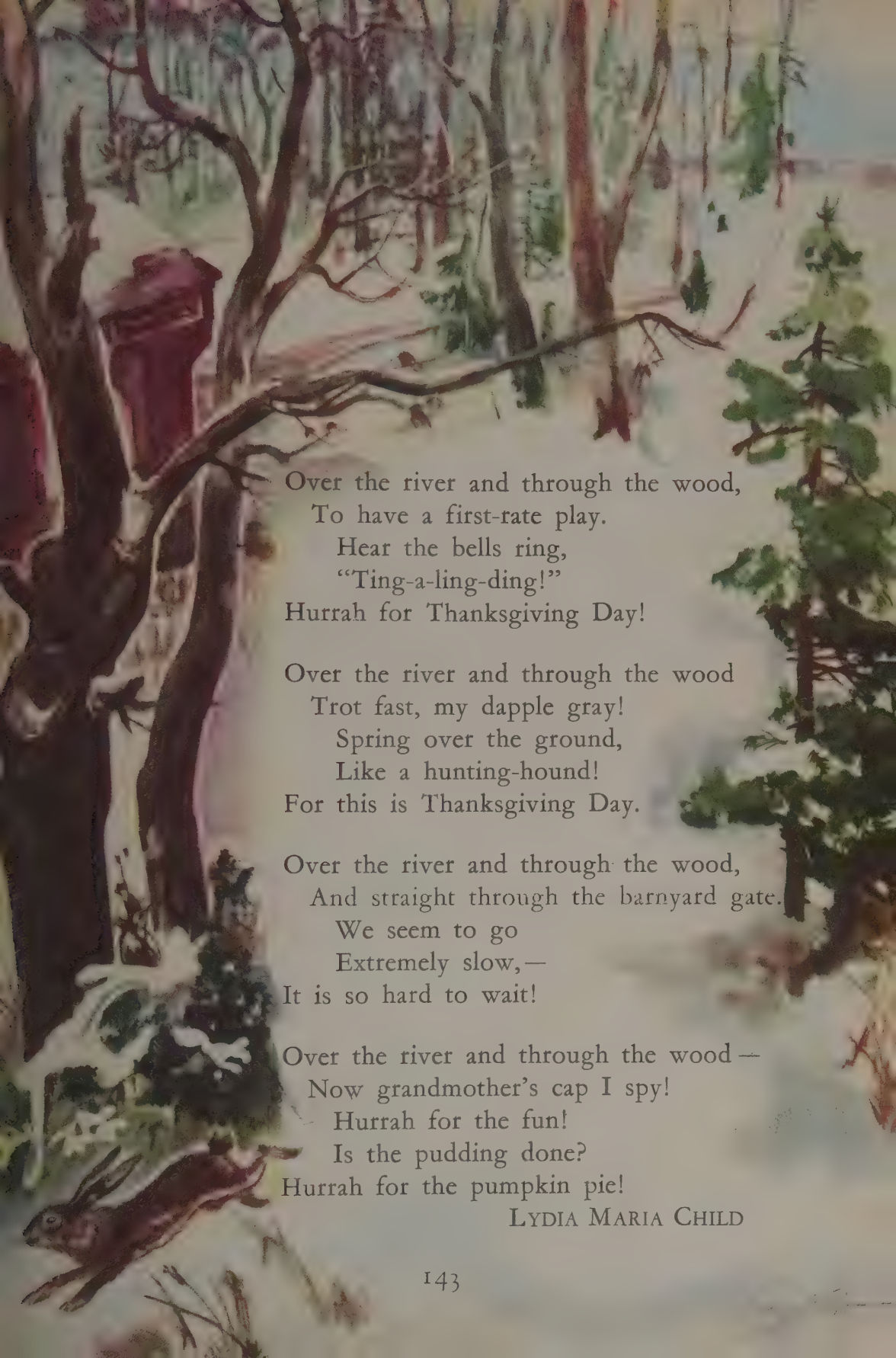
Black and gold, black and gold,
Nothing in between —
When the world turns black and gold,
Then it's Halloween!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

THANKSGIVING DAY

OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.



Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

HALFWAY DOWN

HALFWAY down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit.
There isn't any
Other stair
Quite like
It.
I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.

Halfway up the stairs
Isn't up,
And isn't down.
It isn't in the nursery,
It isn't in the town.
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run around my head:
"It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!"

A. A. MILNE

VESPERS

LITTLE Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

God bless Mummy. I know that's right.
Wasn't it fun in the bath tonight?
The cold's so cold, and the hot's so hot.
Oh! *God bless Daddy* — I quite forgot.

If I open my fingers a little bit more,
I can see Nanny's dressing gown on the door.
It's a beautiful blue, but it hasn't a hood.
Oh! *God bless Nanny and make her good.*

Mine has a hood, and I lie in bed,
And pull the hood right over my head,
And I shut my eyes, and I curl up small,
And nobody knows that I'm there at all.

Oh! *Thank you, God, for a lovely day.*
And what was the other I had to say?
I said "Bless Daddy," so what can it be?
Oh! Now I remember it. *God bless Me.*

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

A. A. MILNE

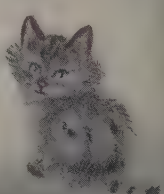
DEAR Lord, for these three things I pray:
To know Thee more clearly,
To love Thee more dearly,
To follow Thee more nearly,
Every day.

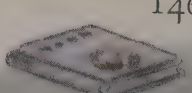
GOD is Love;
God is Good;
And we thank Him
For our food.

FATHER of all, in Heaven above,
We thank Thee for Thy love;
Our food, our home, and all we wear
Tell of Thy loving care.

THANK You for the world so sweet,
Thank You for the food we eat,
Thank You for the birds that sing,
Thank You, God, for everything.

MRS. E. RUTTER LEATHAN

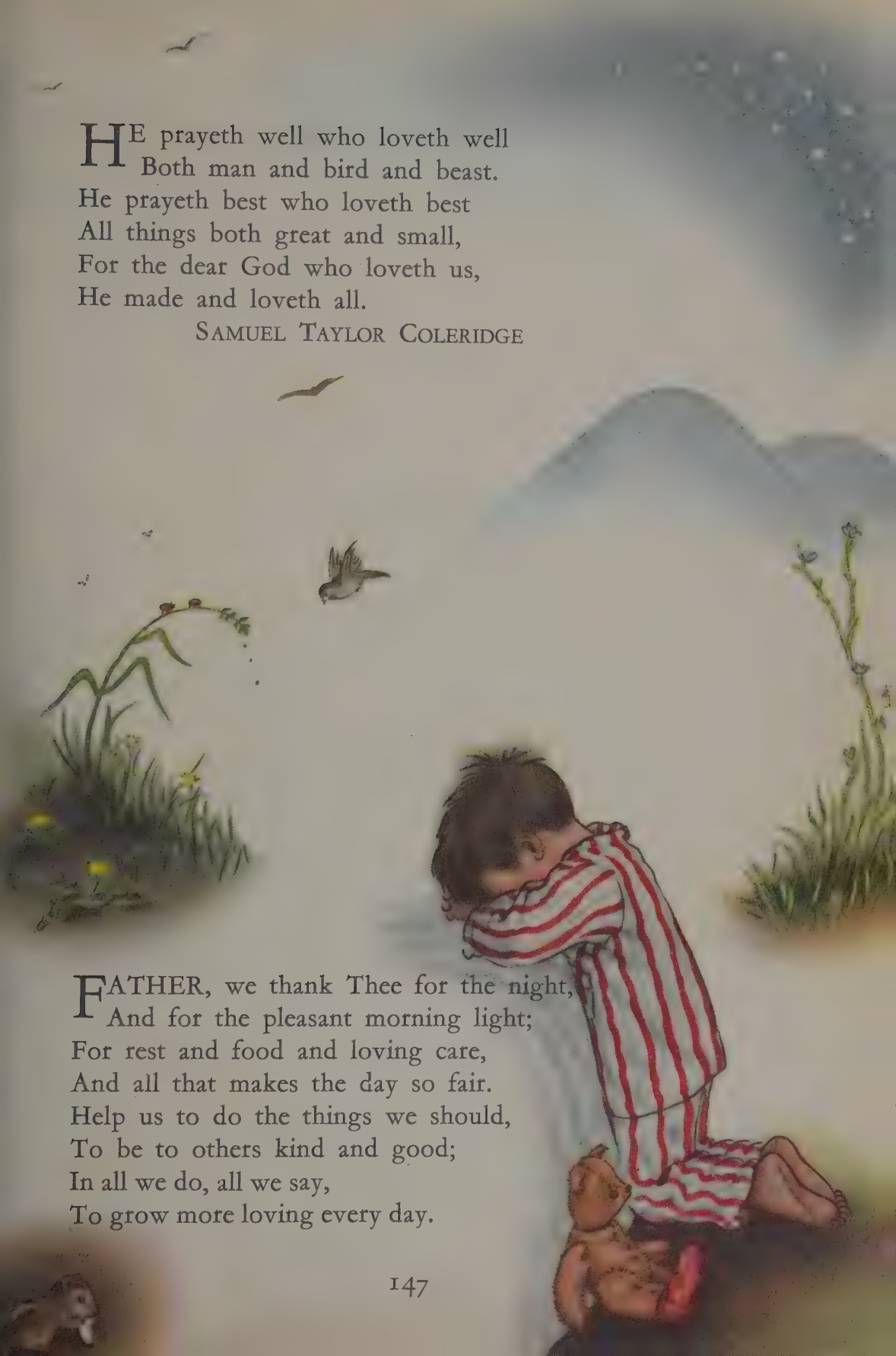




ELIZABETH ORTON JONES

HE prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



FATHER, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.
Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, all we say,
To grow more loving every day.

FIRST SNOW

SNOW makes whiteness where it falls.
The bushes look like popcorn-balls.
The places where I always play,
Look like somewhere else today.

MARY LOUISE ALLEN

WINTER

THE street cars are
Like frosted cakes—
All covered up
With cold snowflakes.

The horses' hoofs
Scrunch on the street;
Their eyelashes
Are white with sleet.

And everywhere
The people go
With faces *tickled*
By the snow.

DOROTHY ALDIS

ICE

WHEN it is the winter time
I run up the street
And I make the ice laugh
With my little feet—
"Crickle, crackle, crickle
Crrreeet, crrreeet, crrreeet."

DOROTHY ALDIS

WINTERTIME

LATE lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding cake.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

M. Brévannes

CRADLE HYMN

AWAY in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head;
The stars in the heavens
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The poor Baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus,
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle
Till morning is nigh.

UNKNOWN

CHRISTMAS SONG

WHY do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger-cradle bright.

There a darling Baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay.
And His mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the holy Child."

So the bells for Christmas ring,
So the little children sing.

EUGENE FIELD

SANTA CLAUS

LITTLE fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleighbells
Twinkling through the snow.
Mother's knitting stockings,
Pussy's got the ball.
Don't you think that Christmas
Is pleasantest of all?

JINGLE BELLS!

JINGLE bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

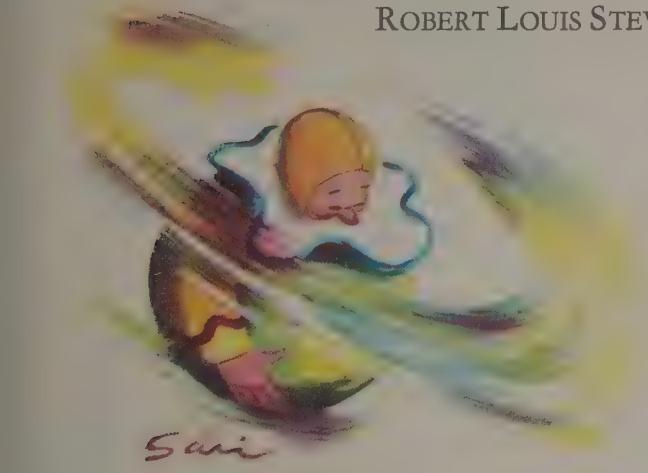
J. PIERPONT

FUN AND FANCY

THE LITTLE LAND

WHEN at home alone I sit,
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies —
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



OVER IN THE MEADOW

OVER in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one:
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two:
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother bluebird
And her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three:
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat
And her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honeybee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz!" said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they cawed
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gray mother cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mossy lizard
And her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight:
So they basked in the sun
By the old mossy gate.

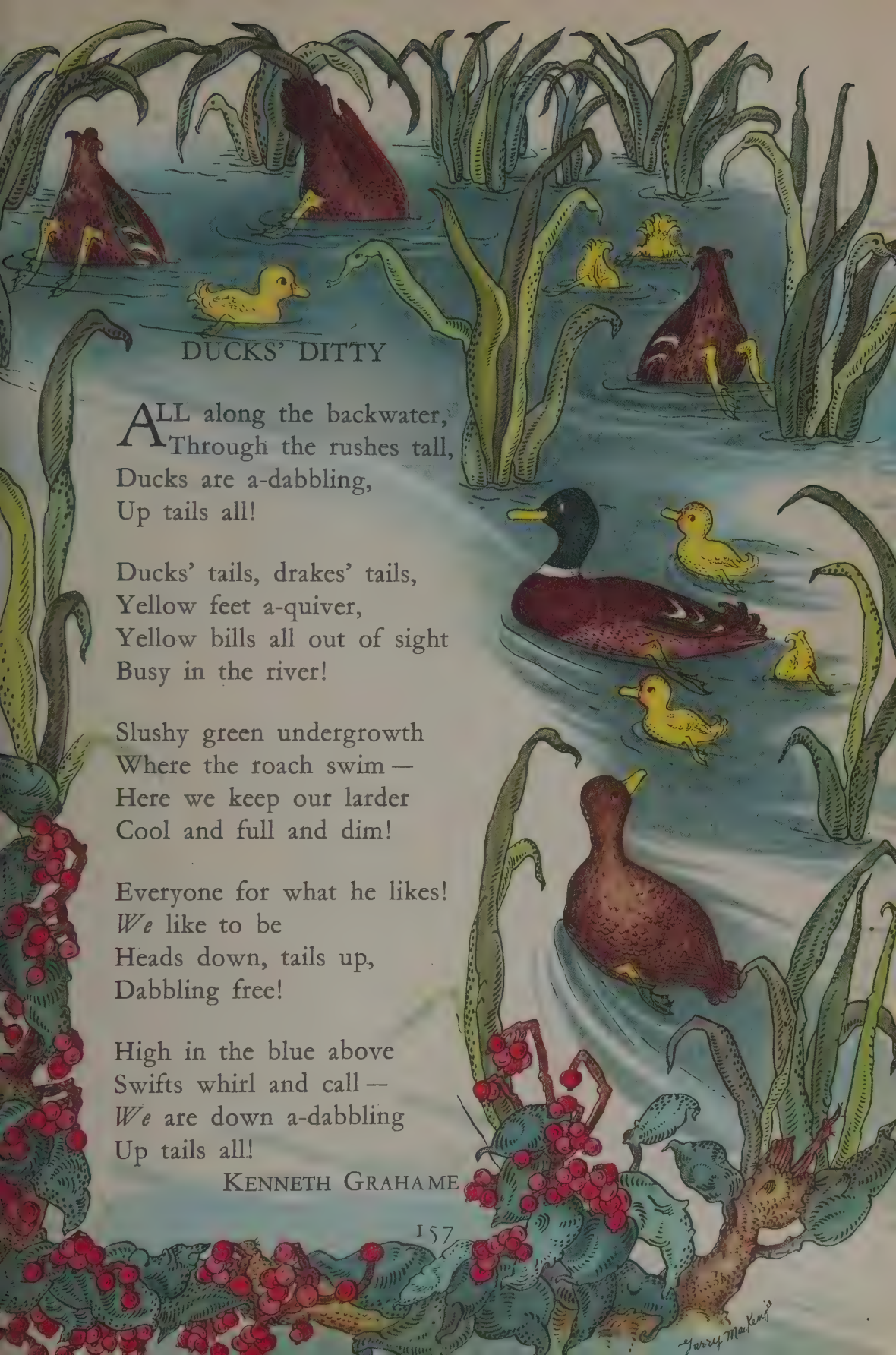
Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother;
"We croak," said the nine:
So they croaked, and they splashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother spider
And her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother;
"We spin," said the ten:
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother firefly
And her little flies eleven.
"Shine!" said the mother;
"We shine," said the eleven:
So they shone like stars
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother ant
And her little anties twelve.
"Toil!" said the mother;
"We toil," said the twelve:
So they toiled and were wise,
Where the men dig and delve.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH



DUCKS' DITTY

ALL along the backwater,
Through the rushes tall,
Ducks are a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

Ducks' tails, drakes' tails,
Yellow feet a-quiver,
Yellow bills all out of sight
Busy in the river!

Slushy green undergrowth
Where the roach swim —
Here we keep our larder
Cool and full and dim!

Everyone for what he likes!
We like to be
Heads down, tails up,
Dabbling free!

High in the blue above
Swifts whirl and call —
We are down a-dabbling
Up tails all!

KENNETH GRAHAME

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold.
The sails were all of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

TWENTY FROGGIES

TWENTY froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool.
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
"First we study, then we play.
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, brave and stern,
Called his classes in their turn,
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Also how to leap and dive;

Taught them how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw,
Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bullfrogs they became at last;

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

GEORGE COOPER

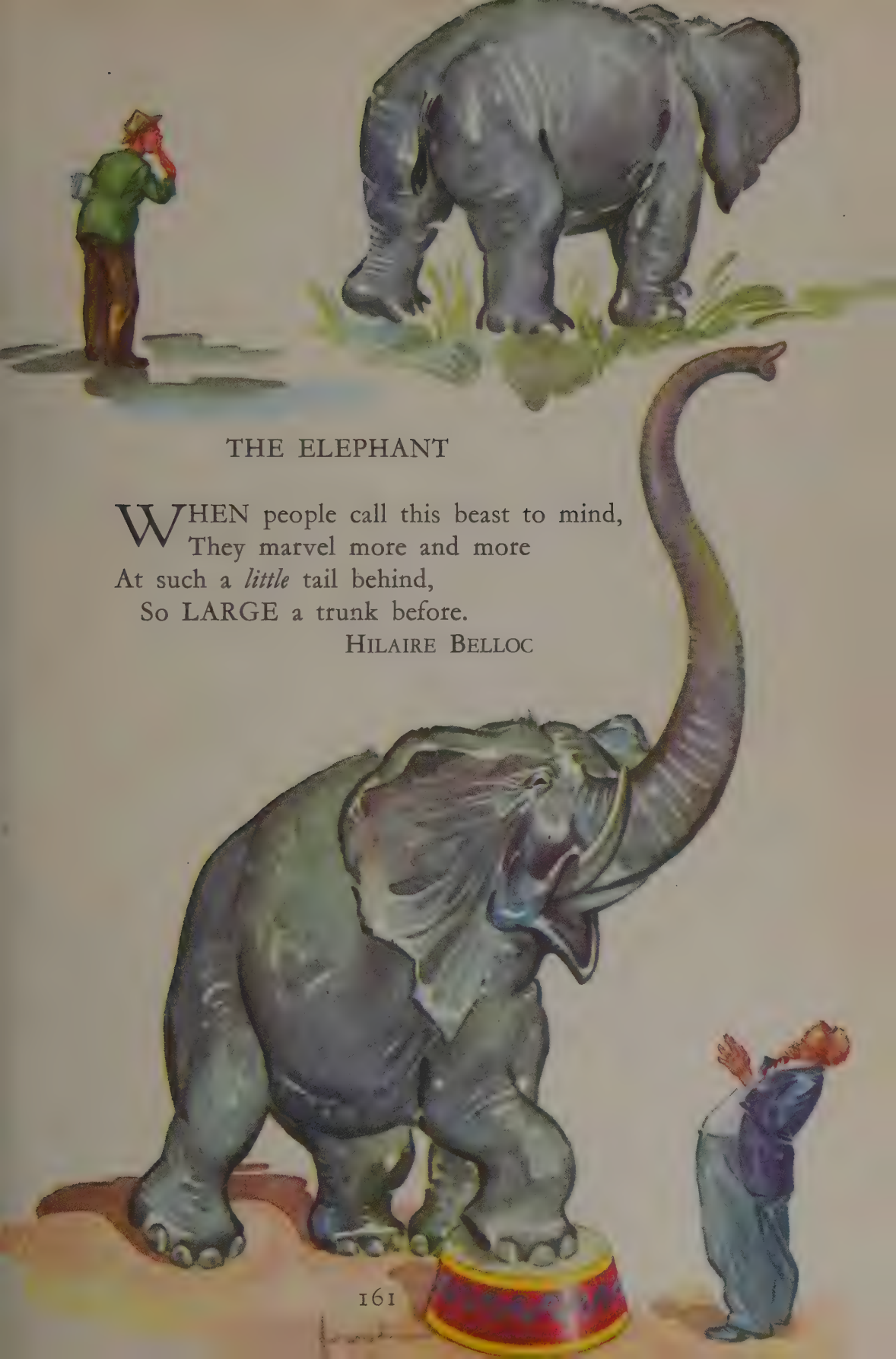
FUNNY ANIMALS

The Kangaroo said to her son,
"I wish you would get down and run.
We don't have a car
And I've packed you so far —
Now try out your legs, just for fun."

Said the bear, with a growl, "I refuse
My company manners to use.
I've saved them so long
That I get them on wrong,
But I *can* be quite nice when I choose."

Said the donkey, "They jeer me a lot.
Something funny about me I've got.
I bray and, of course,
I'm not built like a horse.
But still, I'm a donkey — so what?"

ELIZABETH NEWELL



THE ELEPHANT

WHEN people call this beast to mind,
They marvel more and more
At such a *little* tail behind,
So LARGE a trunk before.

HILAIRE BELLOC

THE FUNNY OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE

ONCE upon a time, in a little wee house,
Lived a funny old man and his Wife;
And he said something funny to make her laugh
Every day of his life.

One day he said such a very funny thing,
That she shook and screamed with laughter;
But the poor old soul, she couldn't leave off
For at least three whole days after.

So, laughing with all her might and main,
Three days and nights she sat;
And at the end she didn't know a bit
What she'd been laughing at.

D'ARCY W. THOMPSON

THE INGENIOUS LITTLE OLD MAN

A LITTLE old man of the sea
Went out in a boat for a sail:
The water came in
Almost up to his chin
And he had nothing with which to bail.
But this little old man of the sea
Just drew out his jackknife so stout,
And a hole with its blade
In the bottom he made,
So that all of the water ran out.

JOHN BENNETT

MRS. SNIPKIN AND MRS. WOBBLECHIN

SKINNY Mrs. Snipkin,
With her little pipkin,
Sat by the fireside a-warming of her toes.
Fat Mrs. Wobblechin,
With her little doublechin,
Sat by the window a-cooling of her nose.

Says this one to that one,
"Oh! you silly fat one,
Will you shut the window down?
You're freezing me to death!"
Says that one to t'other one,
"Good gracious,
how you bother one!
There isn't air enough for me
to draw my precious breath!"

Skinny Mrs. Snipkin,
Took her little pipkin,
Threw it straight across the room
as hard as she could throw;
Hit Mrs. Wobblechin
On her little doublechin,
And out of the window
a-tumble she did go.

LAURA E. RICHARDS

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

THERE was a little girl, who had a little curl
  Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good, she was very, very good,
  But when she was bad she was horrid.

She stood on her head, on her little trundle bed,
  With nobody by for to hinder;
She screamed and she squalled, she yelled and she bawled,
  And drummed her little heels against the winder.

Her mother heard the noise, and thought it was the boys
  Playing in the empty attic,
She rushed upstairs, and caught her unawares,
  And spanked her, most emphatic.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LIMERICKS

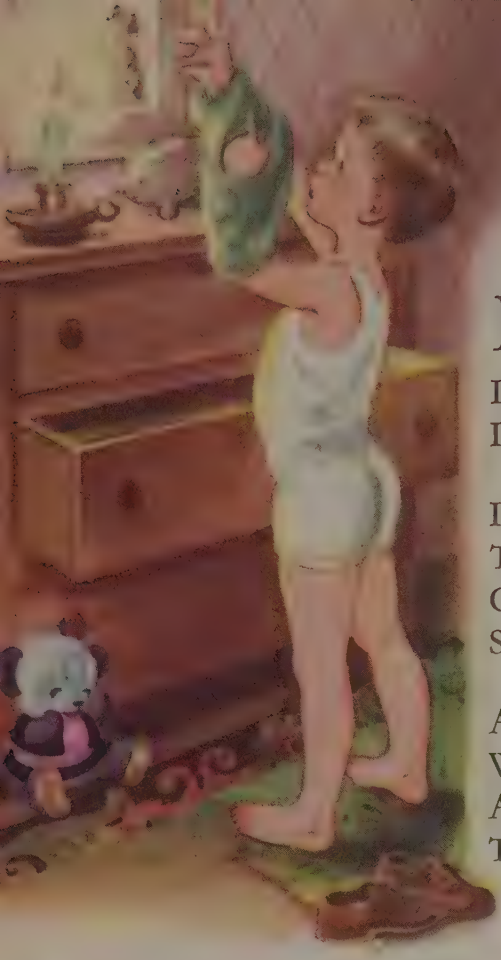
THERE was a young maid who said, "Why
  Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I give my mind to it,
I'm sure I can do it,
You never can tell till you try."

THERE was an old person of Ware
Who rode on the back of a bear;
When they said, "Does it trot?"
He said: "Certainly not,
It's a Moppsikon Floppsikon bear."

There was an old man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared! —
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren
Have all built their nests in my beard."

There was an Old Man who supposed
That the street door was partially closed;
But some very large Rats
Ate his coats and his hats,
While that futile Old Gentleman dozed.

EDWARD LEAR



BED IN SUMMER

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

NOW THROUGH THE DUSK

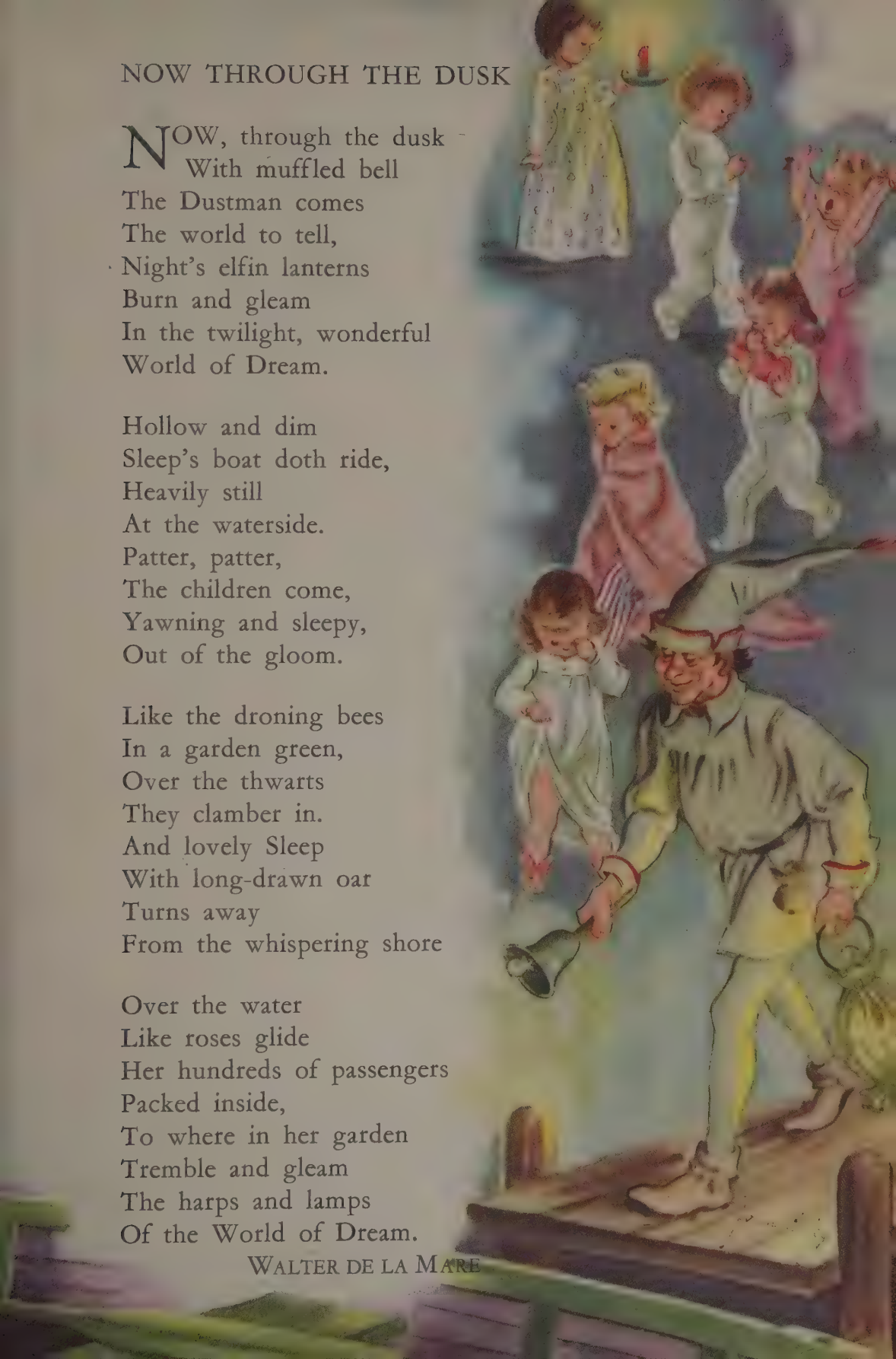
NOW, through the dusk
With muffled bell
The Dustman comes
The world to tell,
Night's elfin lanterns
Burn and gleam
In the twilight, wonderful
World of Dream.

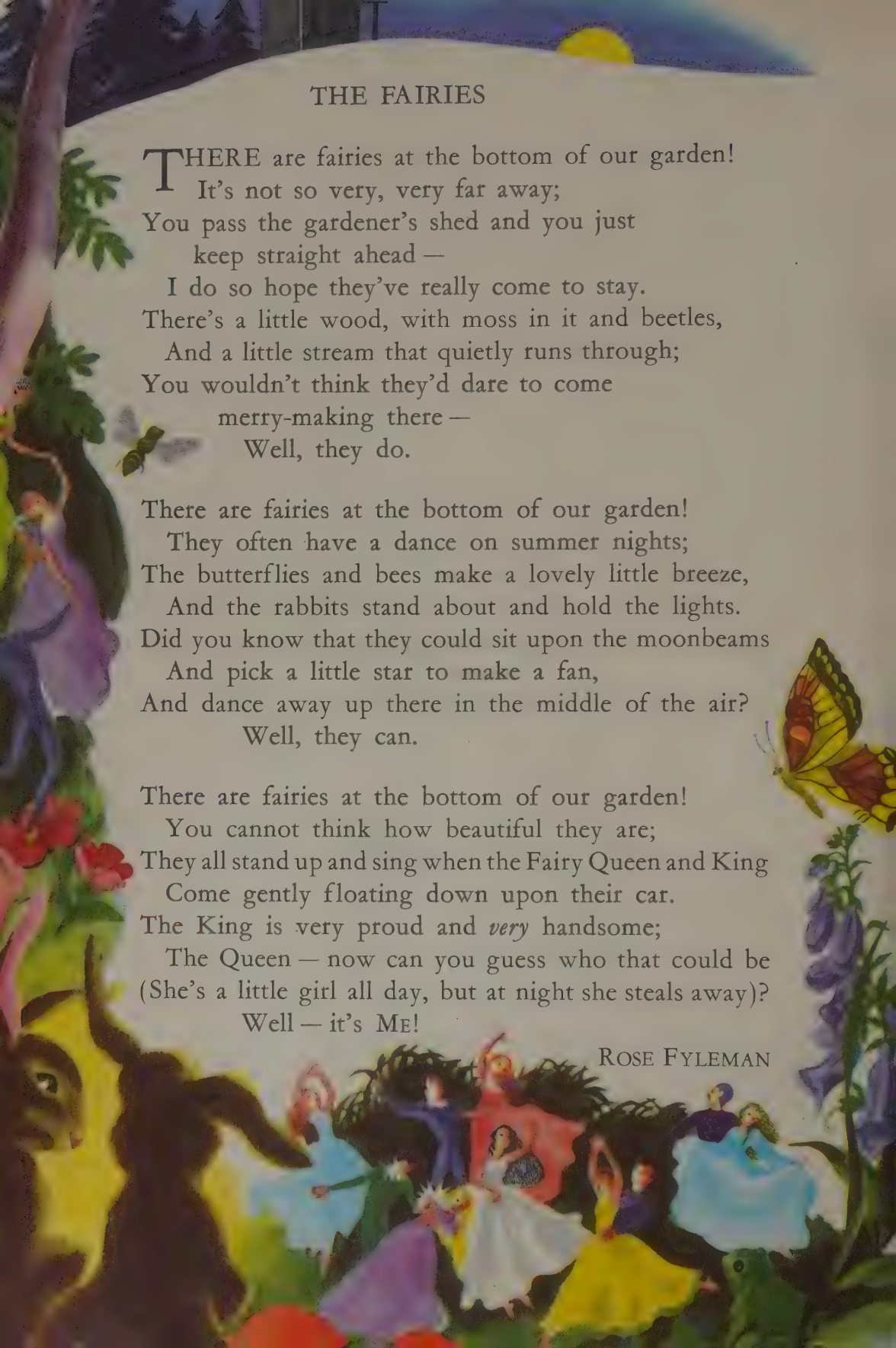
Hollow and dim
Sleep's boat doth ride,
Heavily still
At the waterside.
Patter, patter,
The children come,
Yawning and sleepy,
Out of the gloom.

Like the droning bees
In a garden green,
Over the thwarts
They clamber in.
And lovely Sleep
With long-drawn oar
Turns away
From the whispering shore

Over the water
Like roses glide
Her hundreds of passengers
Packed inside,
To where in her garden
Tremble and gleam
The harps and lamps
Of the World of Dream.

WALTER DE LA MARE





THE FAIRIES

THERE are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed and you just
keep straight ahead —
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come
merry-making there —
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come gently floating down upon their car.
The King is very proud and *very* handsome;
The Queen — now can you guess who that could be
(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away)?
Well — it's ME!

ROSE FYLEMAN

MOONBEAM

MOONBEAM steps down the silken ladder
Woven by Mrs. Spider
To ask her to spin him a net
To catch the stars.

HILDA CONKLING

FAIRY BREAD

COME up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat.
Here in my retiring room,
Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
And the shade of pine;
And when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.

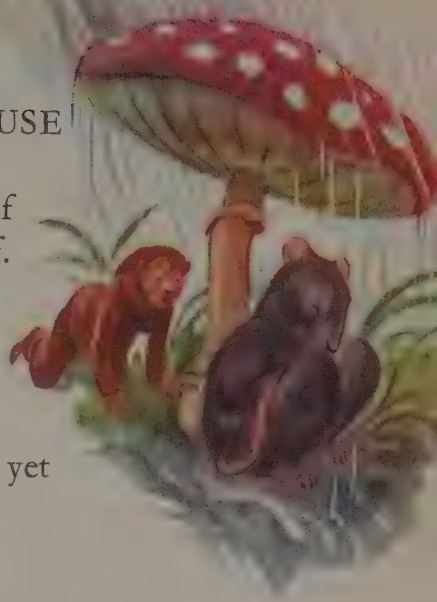
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE LITTLE ELF

I MET a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you!"

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

UNDER a toadstool crept a wee Elf
Out of the rain to shelter himself.

Under the toadstool, sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse all in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf, frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away lest he get wet.

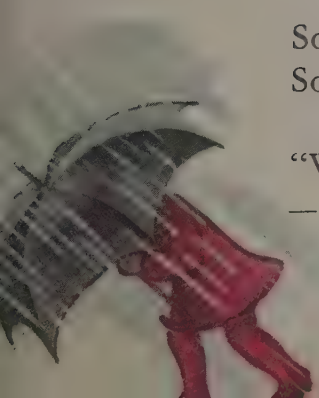
To the next shelter — maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf smiled a wee smile.

Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two.
Holding it over him, gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home, dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse — "Good gracious me!

"Where is my toadstool?" loud he lamented.
— And that's how umbrellas first were invented.

OLIVER HERFORD



THE LITTLE HOUSE

IN A GREAT big wood in a great big tree
There's the nicest little house that could possibly be.

There's a tiny little knocker on the tiny little door,
And a tiny little carpet on the tiny little floor;

There's a tiny little table, and a tiny little bed,
And a tiny little pillow for a tiny *weeny* head;

A tiny little blanket, and a tiny little sheet,
And a tiny water bottle (hot) for tiny little feet.

A tiny little eiderdown; a tiny little chair;
And a tiny little kettle for the owner (when he's there).

In a tiny little larder there's a tiny thermos bottle
For a tiny little greedy man who knows the Woods of Pottle.

There's a tiny little peg for a tiny little hat
And a tiny little dog and a tiny *tiny* cat.

If you've got a little house
And you keep it spick and span,
Perhaps there'll come to live in it
A tiny little man.
You may not ever see him
(He is extremely shy):
But if you find a crumpled sheet,
Or pins upon the window seat,
Or see the marks of tiny feet
You'll know the reason why.

ELIZABETH GODLEY

SOME ONE

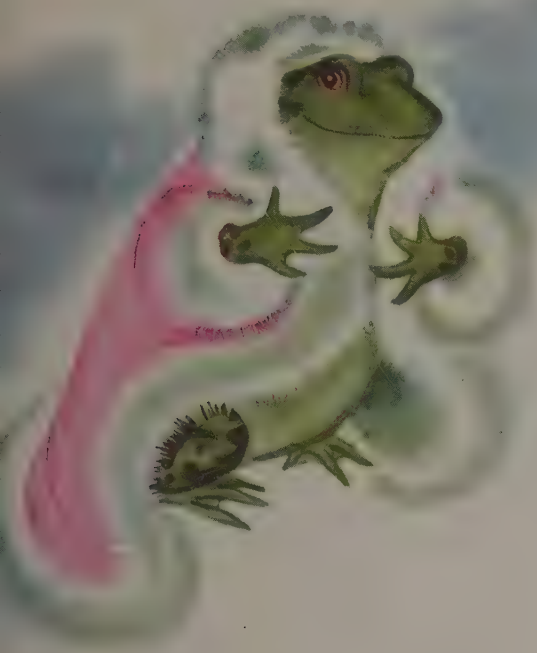
SOME one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure — sure — sure;
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
In the still dark night;
Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

WALTER DE LA MARE

A FAIRY WENT A-MARKETING

A FAIRY went a-marketing —
She bought a little fish;
She put it in a crystal bowl
Upon a golden dish.
An hour she sat in wonderment
And watched its silver gleam,
And then she gently took it up
And slipped it in a stream.

A fairy went a-marketing —
She bought a colored bird;
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song
That ever she had heard.
She sat beside the painted cage
And listened half the day,
And then she opened wide the door
And let it fly away.



A fairy went a-marketing —
She bought a winter gown
All stitched about with gossamer
And lined with thistledown.
She wore it all afternoon
With prancing and delight,
Then gave it to a little frog
To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing —
She bought a gentle mouse
To take her tiny messages,
To keep her tiny house.
All day she kept its busy feet
Pit-patting to and fro,
And then she kissed its silken ears,
Thanked it, and let it go.

ROSE FYLEMAN

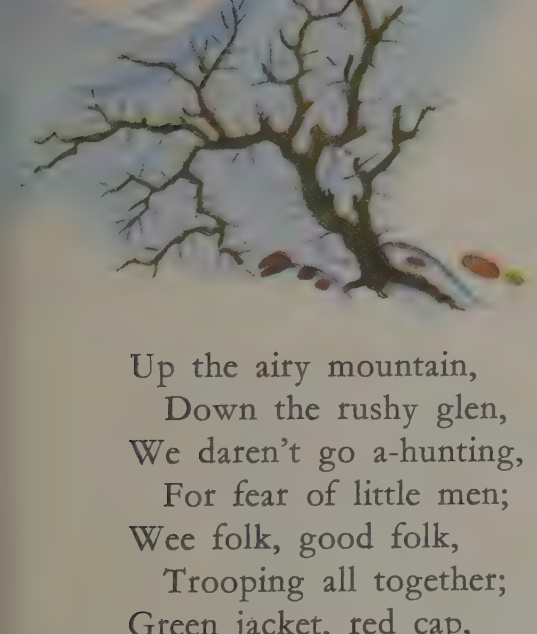
THE FAIRIES

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

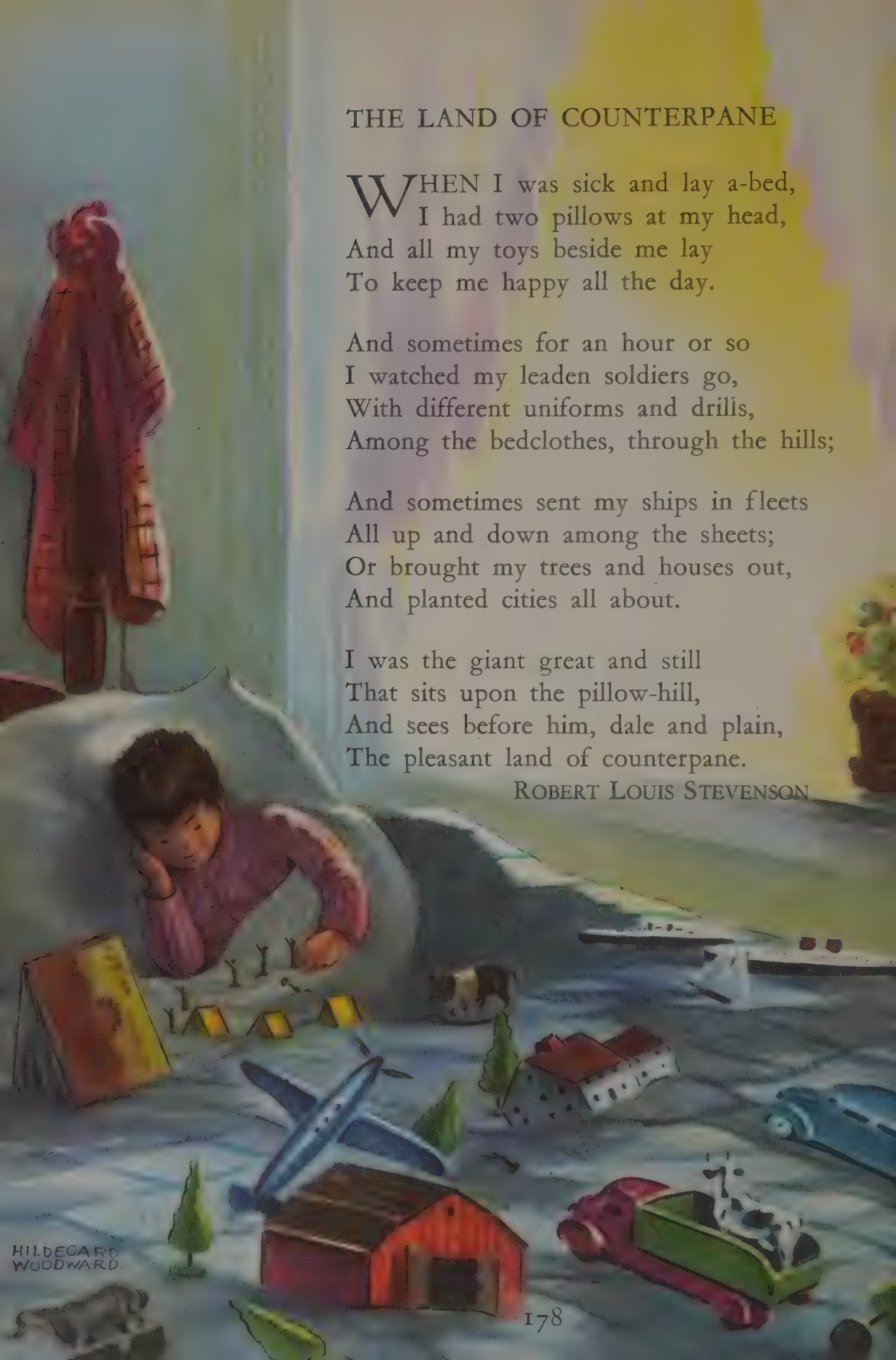
They stole little Bridget
  For seven years long;
When she came down again
  Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
  Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
  But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
  Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
  Watching till she wake.



By the craggy hillside,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
  For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
  As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
  In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM



THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller
like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little
that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie
as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepyhead,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

HILDEGARD WOODWARD

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea —
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish —
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

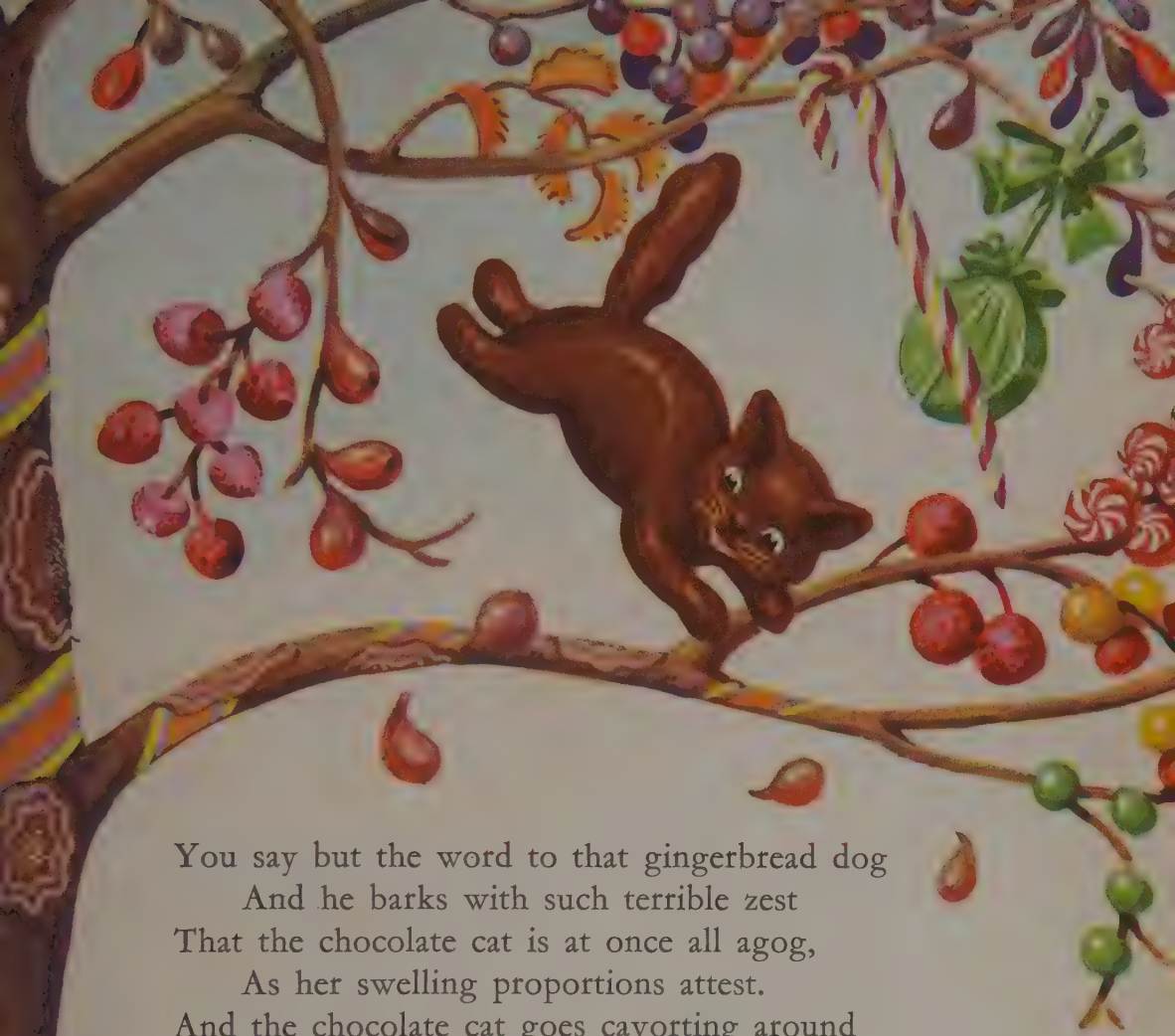
Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful thing
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

HAVE you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

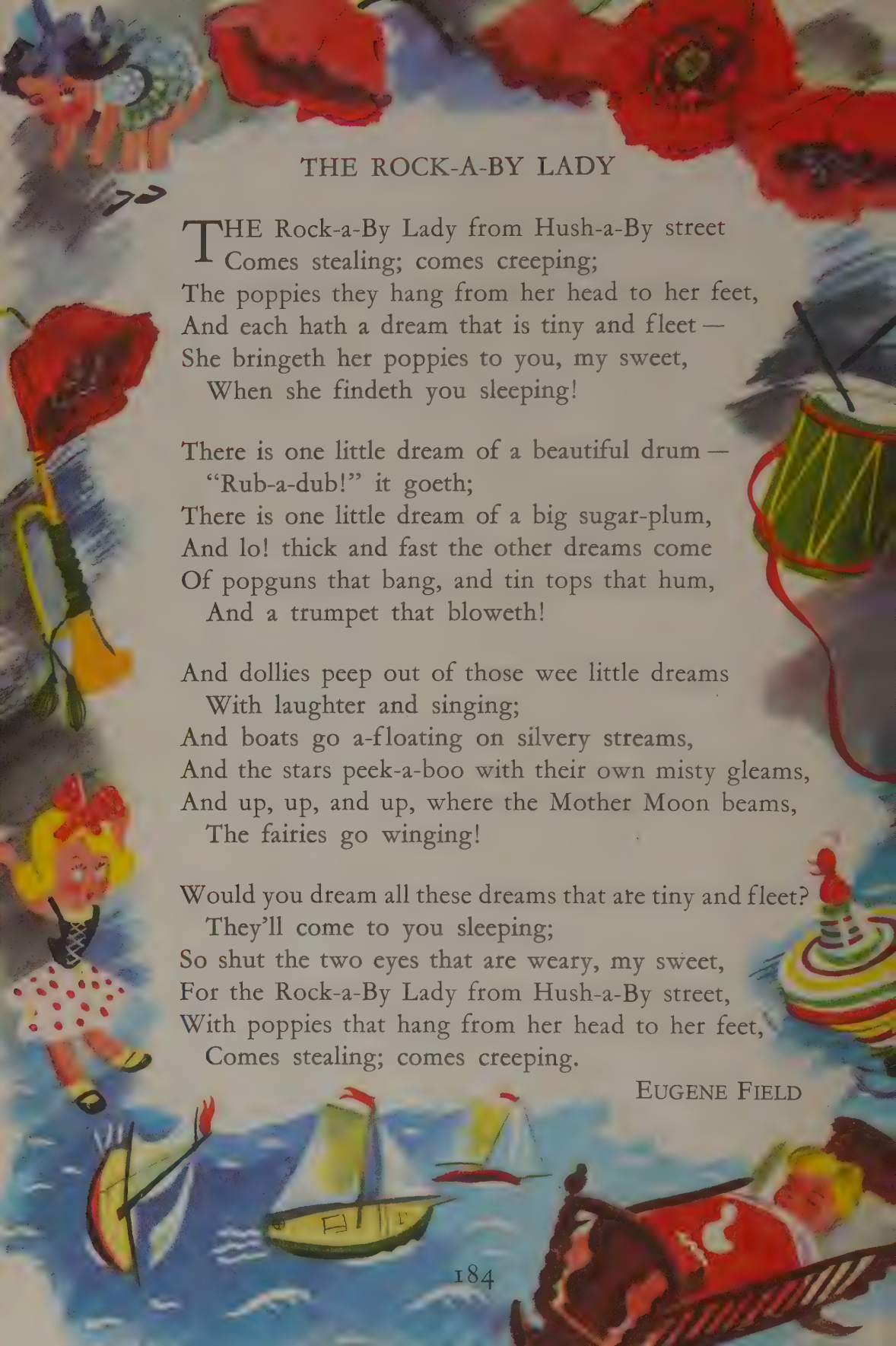
When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:



You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet and gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

EUGENE FIELD



THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet —
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD

OLD GAELIC LULLABY

HUSH! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam.
Father toils amid the din,
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep!
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep,
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes
Where they roam, where they roam.
Sister goes to seek the cows,
But baby sleeps at home.

Roger Duvoisin

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

THE Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

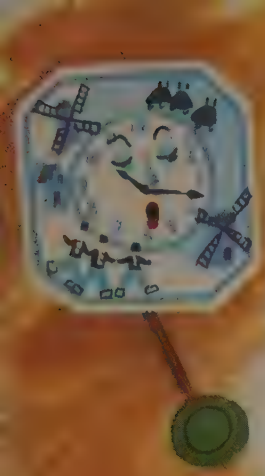
"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR

Roger Duvoisin

THE DUEL

THE gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)



The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw —
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate —
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

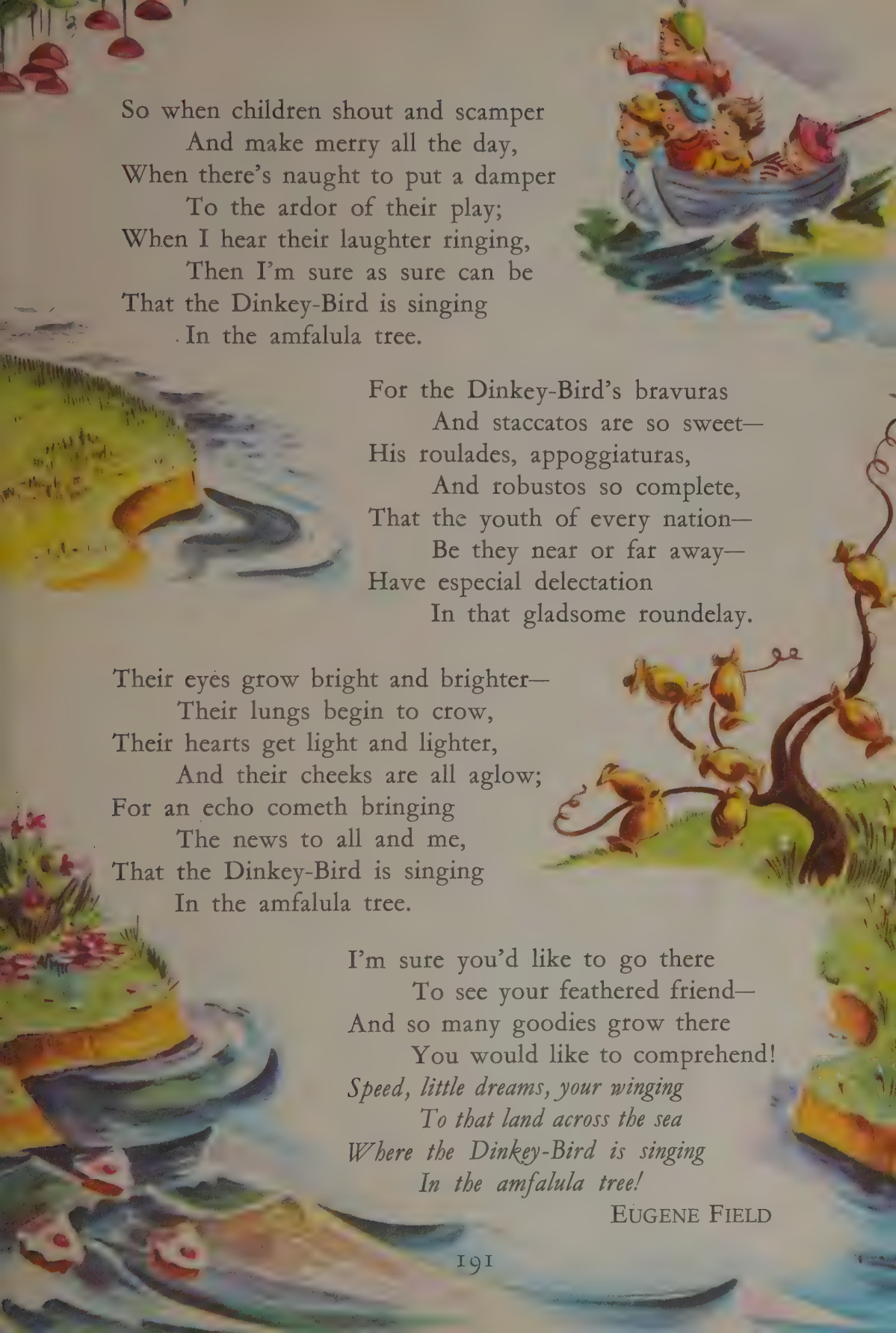
EUGENE FIELD

Roger Duvoisin

THE DINKEY-BIRD

IN an ocean, 'way out yonder
(As all sapient people know),
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,
Whither children love to go;
It's their playing, romping, swinging,
That give great joy to me
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
In the amfalula tree!

There the gum-drops grow like cherries,
And taffy's thick as peas —
Caramels you pick like berries
When, and where, and how you please;
Big red sugar-plums are clinging
To the cliffs beside that sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.



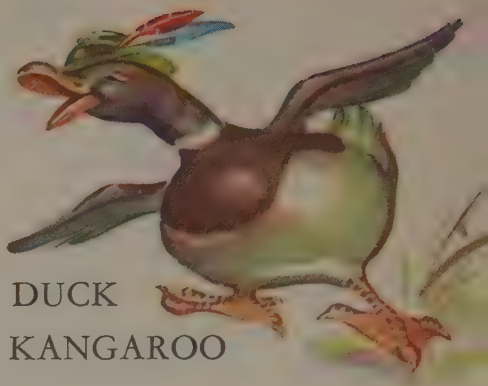
So when children shout and scamper
And make merry all the day,
When there's naught to put a damper
To the ardor of their play;
When I hear their laughter ringing,
Then I'm sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
And staccatos are so sweet—
His roulades, appoggiaturas,
And robustos so complete,
That the youth of every nation—
Be they near or far away—
Have especial delectation
In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter—
Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter,
And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh bringing
The news to all and me,
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

I'm sure you'd like to go there
To see your feathered friend—
And so many goodies grow there
You would like to comprehend!
Speed, little dreams, your winging
To that land across the sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree!

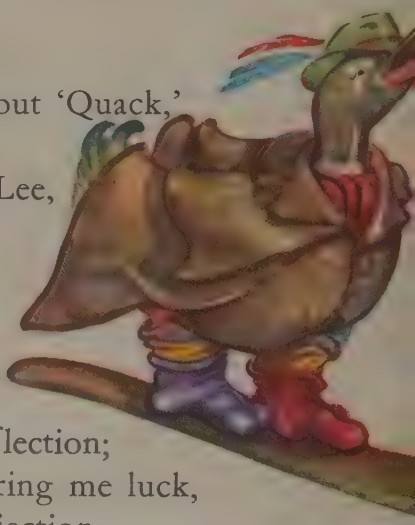
EUGENE FIELD



THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO

SAID the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop!
Over the fields, and the water too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond!
I wish I could hop like you!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but 'Quack,'
The whole of the long day through!
And we'd go the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land, and over the sea; ——
Please take me for a ride! oh, do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

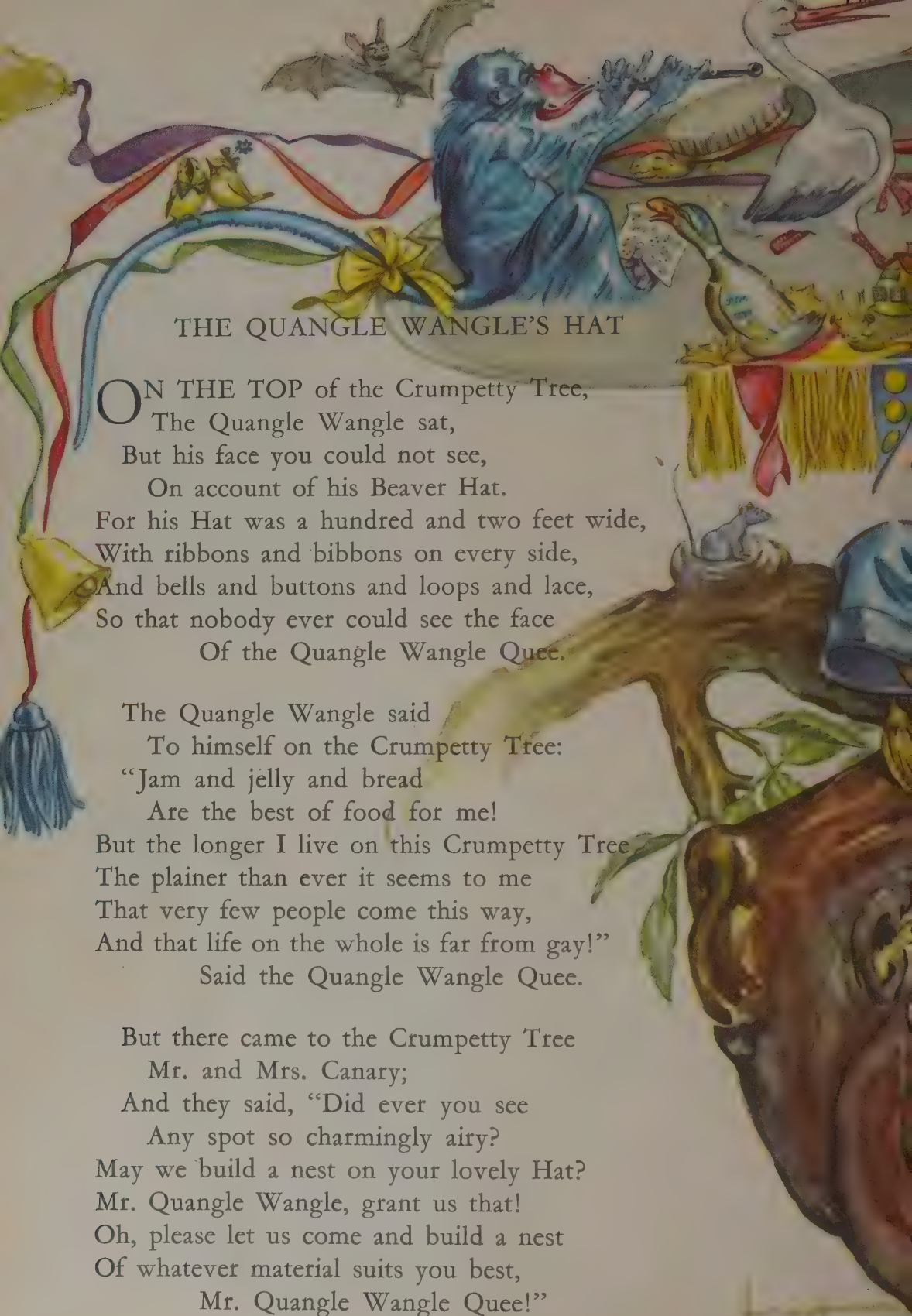


Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires some little reflection;
Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,
And there seems but one objection,
Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the roo-
Matiz!" said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck, "As I sat on the rocks,
I have thought over that completely,
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks
Which fit my web-feet neatly.
And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak,
And every day a cigar I'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo."

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready!
All in the moonlight pale;
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady!
And quite at the end of my tail!"
So away they went with a hop and a bound,
And they hopped the whole world three times round;
And who so happy—oh, who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?

EDWARD LEAR

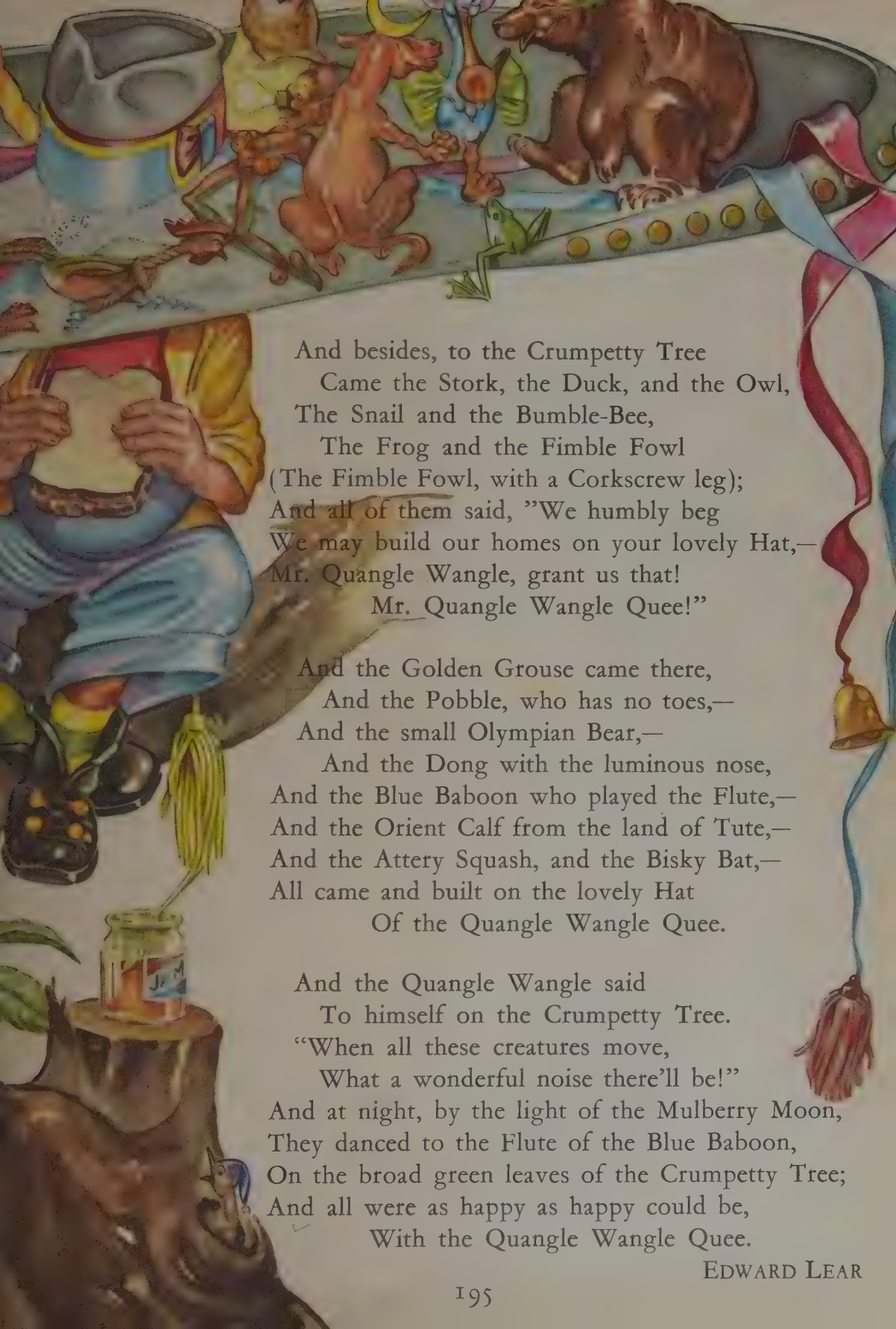


THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

ON THE TOP of the Crumpetty Tree,
The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
On account of his Beaver Hat.
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells and buttons and loops and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree:
"Jam and jelly and bread
Are the best of food for me!
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way,
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said, "Did ever you see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Oh, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

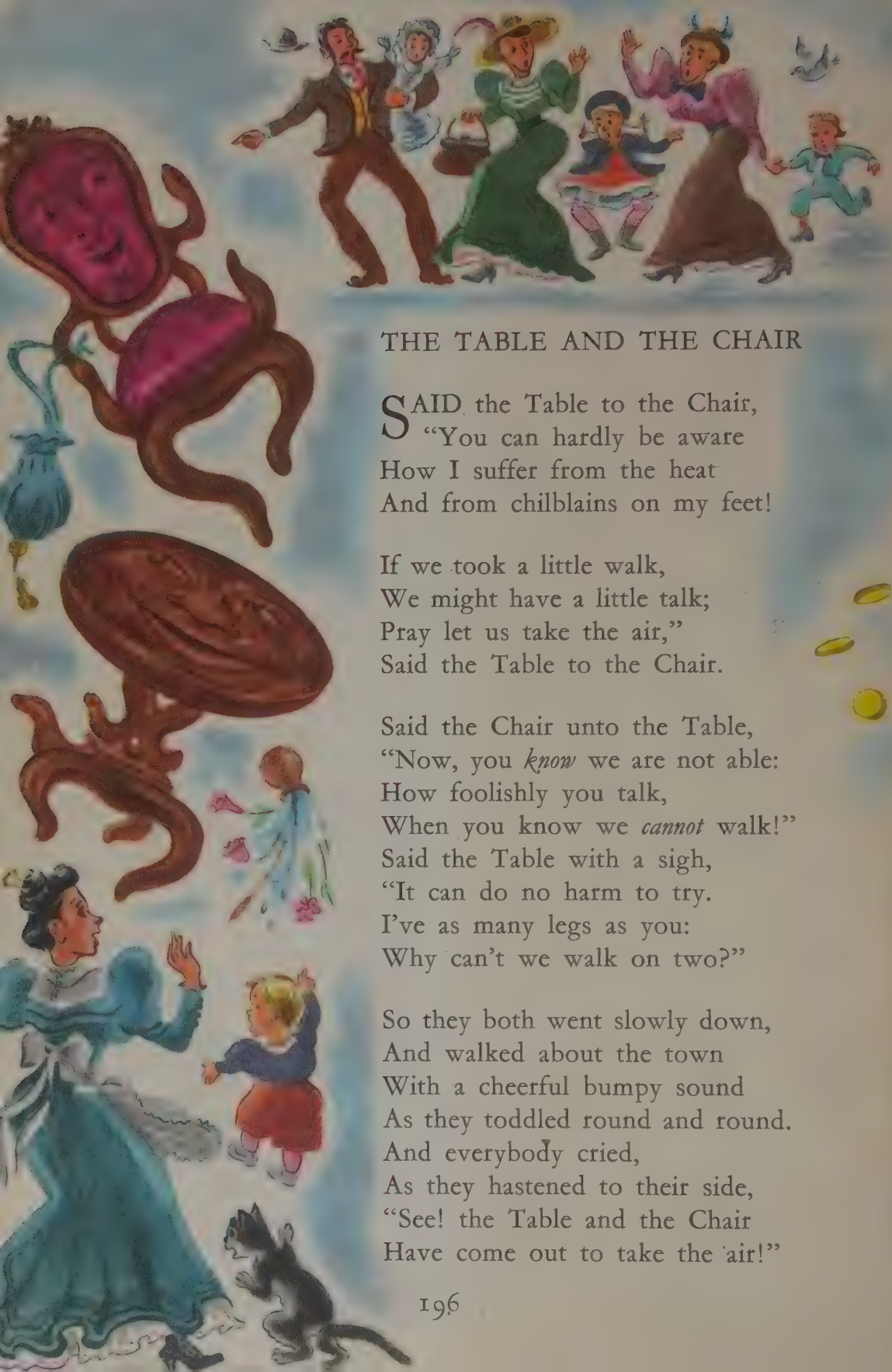


And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl,
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl, with a Corkscrew leg);
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat,—
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble, who has no toes,—
And the small Olympian Bear,—
And the Dong with the luminous nose,
And the Blue Baboon who played the Flute,—
And the Orient Calf from the land of Tute,—
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat,—
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree.
"When all these creatures move,
What a wonderful noise there'll be!"
And at night, by the light of the Mulberry Moon,
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree;
And all were as happy as happy could be,
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

EDWARD LEAR



THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

SAID the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet!

If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you *know* we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round.
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day,
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon!"
So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

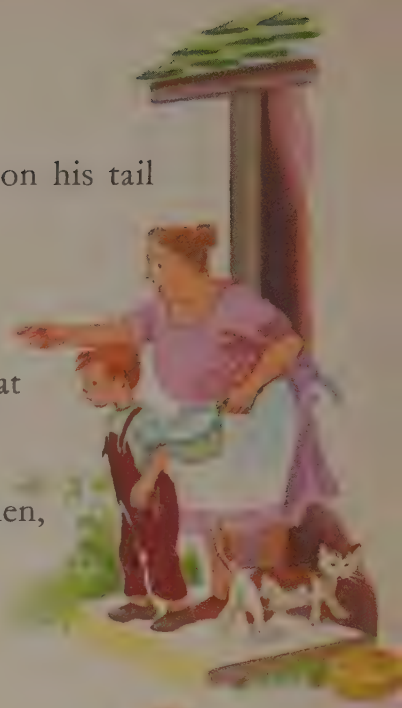
EDWARD LEAR

CHARLOT BOWMAN

THE LOST PUP

WHO'S SEEN a little pup with black on his tail
And black on the end of his nose —
A little fat pup with a little fat tail
That waggles wherever it goes?

He ran down the yard and barked at the cat
(Cook is perfectly certain of that).
Old Mr. Johnson says that at ten,
When he came in the yard with a setting hen,
The pup lay close to the old barn door,
Fast asleep on the red-brick floor.



Old Mr. Johnson knows I am sad.
He patted my head and said, "Poor lad!
I'm sure you miss that little pup,
But he'll come back, so just cheer up.
I'm ever so sorry he's gone away,
But he'll come back at the end of the day."

Who's seen a little pup with black on his tail
And black on the end of his nose —
A little fat pup with a little fat tail
That waggles wherever it goes?
I've looked in the orchard and down the lane,
I've walked through the meadow and back again.
I've searched the wood
As well as I could,
But he isn't there,
Not anywhere.
The butcher's boy has been with the meat.
He says he'll look for him down the street.
He says he knows how worried we are —
He thinks that pup ran after a car.

My Auntie Greta is very nice.
She's been as far as the market twice,
And asked the people on her way
For a little fat pup that's gone astray.
She asked the policeman if he would look
(Policeman's a very great friend of Cook)
And said she would give him half a crown
To pay to anyone in the town
Who found a pup that had gone astray
And brought him back at the end of the day.
Who's seen a little pup with black on his tail,
And black on the end of his nose—
A little fat pup with a little fat tail
That waggles wherever it goes?

Cook is standing beside my bed;
Her eyes are shining, her cheeks are red.
"I'm glad you're not asleep," she says.
"Guess where your pup has been!" she says.
"He jumped in a box and the lid banged down.
"He jumped in a box and rode through the town
With the man who brings the bacon and eggs,
The man with the beard and bandy legs.
He rode away in a motor van
With some geese and a pig that belonged to the man.
And the man, he says from his seat outside,
He never heard if the little pup cried."

So now I've found my dear little pup
With black on the tip of his nose,
My little fat pup with a little fat tail
That waggles wherever he goes.

STELLA MEAD

FAREWELL TO THE FARM

THE COACH is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swung upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

JANICE HOLLAND